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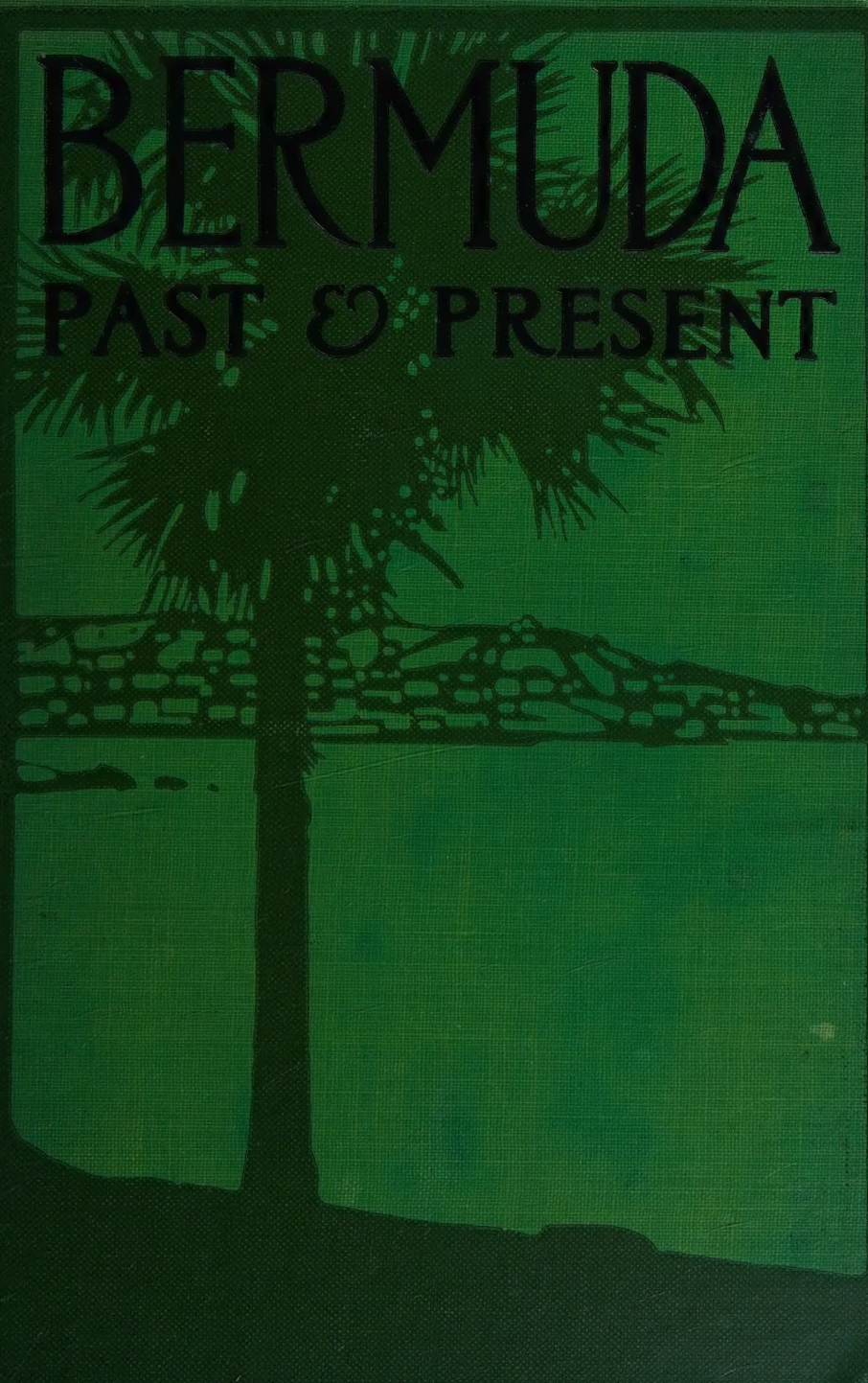
PAST & PRESENT



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BERMUDA

PAST AND PRESENT

BERMUDA
PAST AND PRESENT

A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
OF THE SOMERS ISLANDS

Revised Edition

BY

WALTER BROWNELL HAYWARD

WITH A MAP

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms.
THOMAS MOORE

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
1930

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TO

MY FATHER

PREFACE

It is believed that this book is sufficiently comprehensive to serve as a valuable guide to the Bermudas, now such a popular resort for American travellers who desire to exchange the rigours of our northern winter for blue skies and a balmy atmosphere. All points of interest, picturesque, historical, legendary, have received ample attention, while the reader is brought into contact with the characteristic pleasures of Bermuda life, the government and resources. In narrating the story of Bermuda's development from a proprietary settlement founded by the Virginia Company to a progressive colony with sound institutions, self-government and strong individuality, emphasis has been laid upon events which reveal the close historical bond existing between the islands and the United States. Heretofore this community of interest has received scant treatment from writers, much to the regret of American visitors; indeed, all the dramatic incidents of Bermuda's part in the Civil War have been totally neglected, possibly because they are hidden in long-forgotten documents and personal narratives. It is hoped that repetition of some of these historic events

will stimulate interest among Bermudians with regard to matters which were stern realities to the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation. The author has freely consulted Lefroy's "Memorials"; Williams's "History of Bermuda"; "The Bermuda Islands," by Addison E. Verrill of Yale University; George Watson Cole's "Bermuda in Periodical Literature," a bibliography; "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion," diplomatic correspondence of the period, and other documents issued by the governments of the United States and Bermuda. To many Bermudians, notably the Honourable Joseph Ming Hayward of St. George's, and Mr. Thomas M. Dill, M.C.P. of Devonshire, is the author indebted for valuable facts and the elucidation of obscure points.

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BERMUDA

PAST AND PRESENT

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

You sail from New York in a southeasterly direction, traverse the warm and restless Gulf Stream, and in two days reach that spot in the North Atlantic where

> "The remote Bermudas ride
> In Ocean's bosom unespied."

You are prepared for a creation in miniature if by chance some one has told you that the Bermudas were reared by coral insects and the winds upon the peak of a submarine mountain, and in truth you find a tiny oasis, a clump of refreshing green, in a waste of shimmering water. And it seems, after due reflection, that Nature in her infinite goodness must have set these islands apart as a way-station for distressed mariners and clothed them in pleasing garb for the benefit of the traveller whose mind and eyes seek new perspectives.

Andrew Marvel chose a singularly appropriate phrase when he wrote in bygone days of the "remote Bermudas." Seven hundred nautical miles separate them from their chief neighbour, New

York; five hundred and sixty-eight miles they lie from Cape Hatteras, the nearest point of the North American continent. Few islands are more supremely isolated, but their remoteness from other land is counterbalanced by their proximity to important trade routes, and so they constitute in the scheme of geographical distribution a haven of refuge, a place for ships to refit and coal, and for men to rest, after a struggle in heavy weather.

Bermuda, to use the shorter term, calls to the deep, and its call extends also to shores whence men sail for pleasure. It has much that is quaint and beautiful to offer them. An archipelago of a hundred odd islands and rocks — less than twenty square miles in all — standing amid clear water of exquisite hues; a place of fair skies and sunshine and flowers, blessed with an equable and salubrious climate, untouched by fog or frost, and wholly free from tropical fevers — such in brief is Bermuda. On shore fairy-like scenery, caves of crystal, limestone roads white as bleached linen, curious trees and shrubs; in the water, gardens as luxuriant as those which take their life from the soil, and a host of fishes, all coloured to correspond with the submarine growth which gives them food and a home.

Nature has given Bermuda a wealth of varied pictures and enhanced their charm by a setting

of repose. One cannot fail to be impressed by this distinctive characteristic. You leave ice, snow, dirt, noise, bustle, the glitter of wealth, the sordidness of poverty, all the elements that combine to make the fascinating yet wearisome turmoil of New York, the Western metropolis, and in forty-eight hours find yourself in a pure and balmy atmosphere, a silent restful land, where modern progress has yet to remove the rust of antiquity and obliterate ideas of old-fashioned simplicity.

The contrast does not end here. In Bermuda the effort to live is not hurried; you eat, drink, take your pleasure and perform your daily task in a normal manner. No factory whistles awaken you each morning, no chimneys pollute the air with pungent smoke; you do not run to catch trains or street cars for the reason that Bermuda has not adopted these symbols of high civilisation. Therefore you are bound to move deliberately, however rebellious your northern blood may be at first; but in the warm sunlight there are seductive germs of indolence, and to these you succumb. And it is better so, for, having succumbed, you assimilate Bermuda's worth and, incidentally, let its reposeful atmosphere assimilate you.

It is therefore not difficult to understand why the colony is recommended especially to the person

who is tired and nervous, run down in body and mind. Its tranquillity is soothing, and furthermore it is remarkably free from repellent blemishes. That is to say, Bermuda does not offend the senses. It looks prosperous, — well groomed, so to speak, — and its people seem contented. You may travel through each of the nine parishes and fail to observe a single case of distressing poverty; neither will evidence of great wealth be apparent. Extremes rarely meet in Bermuda. Let it be said to the credit of this British colony, now three centuries old, that its poorest children are not ill-fed; that its humblest inhabitants do not live in filth and degradation, such as we of the cities know; and that even in homes where the absence of money is felt most keenly, the hand of hospitality is extended to the stranger.

Because it is genuine, native hospitality is perhaps the colony's most wholesome social asset. The American visitor especially feels its influence, but let him not gain the impression that the welcome he receives is actuated by the dollars which will fall from his pocket. No, his welcome has a deeper significance, to understand which he must turn back the pages of history and read of the days when Bermudians and Americans alike, all of the same blood, were struggling for a foothold on unfamiliar soil.

When one co-ordinates and balances Bermuda's enchantments he finds them sufficient for all. To the health-seeker are given bright surroundings and a genial climate; to the holiday maker the pleasures of life in the open; the artist lives among a wealth of suggestive material; botanist, zoölogist, and biologist in a natural treasure house; while before the geologist lies an open book of rock, telling its tale in stratification and fossilised remains. And even the philosopher will find interest in tracing reasons for the spirit of contentment which distinguishes this little community.

CHAPTER II

DISCOVERY

One cannot fail to observe in Bermuda a wider reflection of English life than is presented in the average British colony, and one does not seek far for the reason. Of pure English stock, the first settlers were obliged only to accommodate themselves to strange conditions and climate. Neither they nor their descendants were compelled by force of circumstance to depart from English ideals and customs, or to share their island home with alien races. Bermuda, in fact, has always been under British rule; never for a day has another flag waved over its fortifications as an emblem of dominance.

Though England's control proved irksome and often tyrannical, particularly when the islands were exploited by a company of adventurers, only a few of the colonists found it desirable to seek a more congenial land. So the Bermuda of to-day is composed largely of families bearing the pioneer names, and each has its traditions, which form a part of the colony's history.

Because Bermuda never passed from flag to flag, like many islands of the West Indies, its

history can offer no tales of the old sea-fighters who roved the Caribbean in a malevolent manner and never lost an opportunity to loose their guns. Nevertheless, there is a certain element of romance in the discovery of the islands and their subsequent neglect by the superstitious mariners who constantly passed and repassed them yet failed to land.

Bermuda's name is taken from Juan de Bermudez, a Spaniard, who anchored his ship, *La Garza* (the Heron), within gunshot of the land in the year 1515. It is possible that he may have discovered the islands on a previous voyage, for they appear on a map published by Peter Martyr in 1511. Bermudez was carrying home to Spain Gonzales Ferdinando d' Oviedo, a distinguished historian, who wrote a brief account of his visit, the earliest description extant. He speaks of the "Island Bermuda, otherwise called Garza," as the furthest of all "that are found at this day in the world," but fails to indicate whether Bermudez had touched there before. Foul weather prevented Oviedo from landing hogs and exploring the islands as he had intended, and he sailed away with vivid recollections of the strange antics of myriads of seabirds, which found pleasure and food in the chase of flying fishes.

Not until 1527 was a plan evolved for the

settlement of the islands. In that year Hernando Camelo, a Portuguese, received a commission from King Philip of Spain to found a colony, but there is no evidence to show that he made use of his grant. Possibly Camelo was deterred by imaginary tales of evil which even then may have circulated regarding the islands. It is certain that such sailor's yarns — they were nothing more — passed from mouth to mouth in later years. In substance, they depicted Bermuda as an enchanted place, inhabited only by the spirits of darkness; a land visited frequently by tempests, thunder, and lightning, and bordered by hidden rocks, to approach which invited destruction. Thus it was that commanders of homeward-bound Spanish galleons gave the islands a wide berth, even though they followed the Gulf Stream to their latitude before laying an easterly course.

These fables of supernatural inhabitants may have been concocted by buccaneers who possibly desired an undisturbed retreat on the Isles of the Devil, as Bermuda was popularly called, or they may have originated on account of disasters. At all events, the remnants of wrecks were observed when man settled in Bermuda, and there remains one mute token of an ancient inhabitant — probably a castaway — in Smith's Parish, on the south shore, where, graven on Spanish Rock,

are the mutilated initials F. T., followed by a cross and the date 1543. Local historians have attempted without success to connect this monogram with Camelo's name, but there is no reason to doubt the antiquity of the relic.

The cross on Spanish Rock—a warning against evil spirits it appears to have been — illustrates the terror which had sunk into the hearts of seafarers. Years passed, and although the Spaniards appreciated the value of Bermuda, the old superstitions held them at a distance. They did not fear to cross arms with men, but unseen wraiths were dangerous enemies. None cared to penetrate the veil of mystery which enshrouded the islands, and they remained in obscurity until Henry May, an Englishman, was cast away upon the reefs in 1593.

May was a passenger on board a French vessel commanded by M. de la Barbotière, who left Laguna, in Hispaniola, on November 30. Seventeen days later the pilots congratulated themselves on being out of danger, so far as Bermuda was concerned, and demanded their "wine of height" — a tipple given when a safe latitude was reached. They drank long and deep, discipline was relaxed, and at midnight the ship struck. Out of a company of fifty-odd men only twenty-six reached shore by boat and raft, May and the captain being among the survivors.

The future activities of these men furnish an example of the ingenuity of sailors of their day. They saved carpenter's tools and tackle from the wreck, cut down cedar trees, sawed out planks, and built a seaworthy craft of eighteen tons, caulking her seams with a mixture of lime and turtle's oil, which hardened like cement. Fish, birds, turtles, and rain water sustained them, and they might have taken wild hogs had they so desired, for they saw many during their sojourn.

On May 11, 1594, the party set sail, arriving at Cape Breton in nine days. About two months later May landed in England to recount his experiences. By a singular coincidence the feat in which he participated was to be duplicated several years afterward by a party of his own countrymen; in the meantime Bermuda was to remain a habitation for seabirds and swine.

CHAPTER III

ROMANCE OF THE SEA VENTURE

Cross the Market Square of quaint old St. George's Town and turn the corner into Kent Street — it is merely a step to the Somers Garden. Just within the gate, on the left wall, is affixed a tablet commemorating a man described by Fuller as "a lamb on land, so patient that few could anger him, and (as if entering a ship he had assumed a new nature) a lion at sea so passionate that few could please him." The inscription reads:

NEAR THIS SPOT
WAS INTERRED IN THE YEAR 1610
THE HEART OF THE HEROIC ADMIRAL
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, KT.,
WHO NOBLY SACRIFICED HIS LIFE
TO CARRY SUCCOUR
TO THE INFANT AND SUFFERING PLANTATION
NOW
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.
TO PRESERVE HIS FAME TO FUTURE AGES,
NEAR THE SCENE OF HIS MEMORABLE
SHIPWRECK OF 1609.

THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THIS COLONY FOR THE TIME BEING,
CAUSED THIS TABLET TO BE ERECTED,
1876.[1]

Such is the brief record of an unselfish deed. It is a becoming memorial, for the Admiral was a modest sailor. His personal narrative is a straightforward statement of fact without colour or suggestion of vainglory, but others have preserved what Sir George Somers suppressed, and for detailed accounts of his resourcefulness in time of danger and after one must turn to the writings of William Strachy, Silvanus Jordan, and the famous John Smith, early historian of Virginia and Bermuda.

It was on June 2, 1609, that seven ships and two pinnaces, each having on board a goodly company of adventurers, sailed out of Plymouth Sound and laid a course for Virginia, the "infant plantation." The ship *Sea Venture* flew the flag of Sir George Somers, or Summers, as William Strachy, one of the members of the party, calls him, "a gentleman of approved assuredness and

[1] The late Major General J. H. Lefroy, R.A., C.B., F.R.S., honorary member of the New York Historical Society, whose "Memorials of the Bermudas" and other works are a monument to his devotion to the colony's interests and to his ability as a conscientious historian.

ready knowledge in seafaring actions," and with the Admiral were Captain Newport and Sir Thomas Gates, the latter to act as Deputy Governor under Lord De La Warr. The fleet kept together until the twenty-third of July, when a gale sprang up and the pinnace which the *Sea Venture* had in tow was cast loose. By morning, a Monday, the ships had scattered, and the *Sea Venture* was fighting her lonely way through a West Indian hurricane.

"Winds and seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them," writes Strachy. "Our clamours were drowned in the winds and the winds in thunder. The sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain; the waters like whole rivers did flood the air."

The working of the seas caused the *Sea Venture* to leak seriously, and soon she had nine feet of water in her hold. Sir George Somers took his station on the poop to advise the steersman and hold the vessel true to her course, while Sir Thomas Gates directed the efforts of passengers and crew. They thrust pieces of beef into the open seams in a vain attempt to check the inrush of water; they bailed, pumped, jettisoned cargo, ordnance, and luggage. Their galley fires went out; their water casks were awash; for three days and three nights the men laboured incessantly without food or sleep, the *Sea Venture* plunging

forward under bare spars and always settling deeper. Once a huge wave swept her decks and she faltered, apparently about to founder, but, recovering, she laboured onward, a battered wraith of a ship, with timbers strained beyond measure.

On the night of Thursday St. Elmo's Fire made its appearance, "like a faint star," says Strachy, "trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the main-mast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud. At which, Sir George Somers called divers about him and showed them the same, who observed it with much wonder and carefulness; but upon a sudden, towards the morning, they lost sight of it and knew not what way it made."

That was their last night of suffering. Early next day, July 28, when the end seemed only a matter of hours, Sir George Somers, who had never left his post, descried land a few miles distant. The ship was worked into shallow water and lodged between two shoals, her reputed resting-place appearing on the charts of to-day as Sea Venture Flat. Sunset saw the whole company of one hundred and forty men and women on the shores of the thickly-wooded island that was subsequently to bear the name St. George's. Speaking of this event, an anonymous writer says:

"These islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted an enchanted pile of rocks, and a desert habitation for devils; but all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine. Our people in the Bermudas found such abundance of hogs that for nine months' space they plentifully sufficed, and yet the number seemed not diminished."[1]

Tools, sails, arms, cables, boats, and stores were recovered from the *Sea Venture*, and the castaways dug wells and built cabins, which they thatched with palmetto leaves. The palmetto and cedar furnished them with berries, and in addition to hogs the islands provided an unlimited supply of fish, turtles, water birds, and prickly pears. After a time it was decided to communicate, if possible, with Virginia. To this

[1] These animals may have been the offspring of hogs that escaped from wrecked vessels, but it is possible that the islands were stocked by far-seeing pirates. When the Bermudas came under control of the company organised for their settlement, the memory of the abundance of hogs was perpetuated by the issuing of what the proprietors called a "base coyne." This is known to numismatists as "hog money." It was a crude and imperfectly stamped piece. On the obverse side were the words "Sommer Islands" and a wild boar, with the Roman numerals over it, and on the reverse appeared a ship under sail, having the Cross of St. George at each masthead. The number of coins was limited. Only a few are in the possession of Bermudian families and foreign collectors. All are held at high figures.

end the long boat was fitted with a deck made from the ship's hatches and provided with sails and oars. Carrying a crew of seven men in command of Henry Raven, this little craft cleared the reefs on September 1 and reached the open sea, to pursue her perilous voyage. Raven promised to return as quickly as possible, and by prearrangement beacon fires were lighted on the headlands so that he might be guided to a safe anchorage. But the plucky sailors went to an unknown death, and after two months elapsed the adventurers lost hope of receiving help from the mainland.

The construction of a vessel was begun by Richard Frubbusher, a shipwright, probably at the little cove called Buildings Bay, within a short distance of the Town Cut Channel, at the eastern end of St. George's Island; but Sir George Somers, knowing that this craft would not be of sufficient size to accommodate all hands, decided to build a pinnace, and asked Sir Thomas Gates for workmen. His request was readily granted, but the spirit of discontent manifested itself, and the Governor faced three successive conspiracies against his rule, the last being so serious that he summarily shot one of the plotters. The remainder fled to the woods, but all save two — Christopher Carter and Edward Waters — re-

turned upon receiving a promise of immunity from punishment, and thereafter the work proceeded without interruption. Both vessels were constructed largely of native cedar and caulked with oakum, pitch, and tar, and lime and turtle's oil.

Frubbusher's craft was launched on March 30, 1610, and named the *Deliverance*. She was forty feet by the keel, nineteen feet in breadth, and of about eighty tons' burden. A month later Somers launched the *Patience*, a pinnace of thirty tons, nine and twenty feet long and fifteen and a half feet at the beam. The location of the Admiral's shipyard is unknown, although it may have been at a bay in St. George's Harbour.

"Before we quitted our old quarter," writes Strachy, "and dislodged to the fresh water with our pinnace, our governor set up in Sir George Somers's garden a fair Mnemosynon in figure of a cross, made of some of the timber of our ruined ship, which was screwed in with strong and great trunnels to a mighty cedar, which grew in the midst of the said garden, and whose top and upper branches he caused to be lopped, that the violence of the wind and weather might have the less power over her.

"In the midst of the cross our governor fastened the picture of his majesty in a piece of silver of

twelve pence, and on each side of the cross he set an inscription graven in copper, in the Latin and English, to this purpose: 'In memory of our great Deliuerance, both from a mightie storme and leake: wee have set up this to the honour of God. It is the spoyle of an English ship of three hundred tunne, called the Sea Venture, bound with seuen ships more (from which the storme diuided us) to Virginia, or Noua Britania, in America. In it were two Knights, Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, Gouvernour of the English Forces and Colonie there: and Sir George Summers, Knight, Admirall of the Seas. Her Captaine was Christopher Newport, Passengers and Mariners, shee had beside (which came all safe to Land) one hundred and fiftie. We were forced to runne her ashore (by reason of her leake) under a Point that bore Southeast from the Northerne Point of the Island, which wee discovered first the eight and twentieth of July 1609.' "[1]

Having spent nine months in Bermuda, the expedition continued its voyage on May 10, 1610, arriving at Jamestown on the twenty-fourth. The tiny settlement was on the verge of starvation, and although the newcomers were able to relieve

[1] Other accounts say the fleet consisted of nine vessels, and that the *Sea Venture* had but one hundred and forty souls on board. Two children were born in the course of the sojourn and five of the company were buried.

the distress, their stock of provisions was sufficient only for two weeks. Accordingly, the Admiral and Governor decided to abandon the colony and take the people to Newfoundland. They had actually embarked and were sailing down the river when Lord De La Warr arrived with three ships. Jamestown was again peopled, and Sir George Somers volunteered to return to Bermuda for a supply of hogs and fishes. On the nineteenth of June he set sail in his own cedar pinnace, in company with a vessel commanded by Captain Argall. They met fog and rough weather, were driven out of their course, and Argall returned to Virginia. Somers continued and reached Bermuda in safety.

But the Admiral's strength did not answer to this last gallant effort, and he died at the age of fifty-six in the town which bears his name. Irreverent persons have said that "a surfeit of roast pig" caused his death; nevertheless, his last thoughts were of the suffering plantation. He counselled his followers to return to Virginia, but instead of heeding his dying injunction the Admiral's nephew, Captain Matthew Somers, who had assumed command, embalmed the body and sailed for England, leaving the heart buried at St. George's. The grave was marked by a wooden cross, which Governor Butler replaced in 1619 by a marble slab bearing this inscription:

"In the year 1611
Noble Sir George Summers went hence to heaven,
Whose well-tried worth that held him still imploid
Gave him the knowledge of the world so wide;
Hence 't was by Heaven's decree that to this place
He brought new guests and name to mutual grace;
At last his soul and body being to part,
He here bequeathed his entrails and his heart."

The Admiral died in 1610, and poetic license was invoked to meet the rhyme. Butler's tablet[1] disappeared long ago, and the exact location of the grave is unknown, although it was probably not far from the spot where the memorial of 1876 stands. The Admiral was buried with military honours at Whitechurch, Dorsetshire, where in the ancient Church of St. Candida and Holy Cross his long-neglected grave was marked in 1908 by a tablet engraved with these words:

Admiral Sir George Somers, Kt.,
Shipmate of Sir Walter Raleigh,
Coloniser of the Bermudas.
Born near Lyme Regis, 1554.
Owner of Berne Manor, Whitechurch Canonicorum.
Died in the Bermudas, November, 1610.
Buried beneath the old Chantry, under the
present Vestry, July 4th, 1611.
Erected by public subscription, 1908.

[1] Butler's tablet may have been stolen and built into one of the numerous brick ovens in the town.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST SETTLERS

Captain Somers's return aroused so much interest with respect to the Bermudas that the Virginia Company determined to colonise them, although its charter did not extend to islands more than one hundred miles from the shores of its plantation. By an amendment in 1612 the limit was increased to three hundred leagues, and, says Lefroy, "in spite of remonstrances from the Spaniards that they only had by Papal bull the inheritance of the Indies, the merchants of London proceeded to appropriate the forsaken discovery of Juan Bermudez with as little hesitation as they showed in advancing their plantations in Florida and Virginia."

The new plantation was first called Virginiola, but the name Somers Islands (it is still retained on official documents) was finally selected for the two-fold purpose of paying respect to the Admiral's memory and annunciating Bermuda's climate. Richard Moore, a ship's carpenter, headed the first band of settlers, fifty in number, who sailed in the *Plough*, and arrived at the islands on July 11, 1612. To their surprise they were

greeted by three forlorn and ragged men, — Christopher Carter, Edward Waters, and Edward Chard, — the "three kings" as they are called by Washington Irving. Carter and Waters were the recalcitrants who remained in hiding when the wrecked adventurers took their departure for Virginia, and Chard, one of Captain Somers's crew, joined them in voluntary exile at the time the Captain sailed for home. The "three kings" actually represented British sovereignty, and they lived peacefully as farmers and fishermen until they discovered a quantity of ambergris. This sudden acquisition of wealth created such dissension that Chard and Waters agreed to fight a duel. But they reckoned without Carter,[1] who surreptitiously hid their arms, preferring two living enemies instead of none. For two full years the men dragged out a lonely existence, and they had resolved to build a boat and embark for Virginia when the *Plough* appeared in the offing.

Moore quartered his company at Smith's Island, soon moving across the harbour to St. George's, where he laid the foundations of the town. By successful diplomacy and a show of authority he acquired most of the ambergris, and he was

[1] Samuel Carter, a fisherman, and a direct descendant of Christopher, died at St. George's in 1858. His fishing tackle, the old man's only possession, was placed in his coffin by the author's father for use at a happier hunting ground.

shrewd enough to realise that in this valuable commodity he had a "loadstone," as John Smith aptly expresses it, which would draw ships, supplies, and additional settlers from England. Despite the proprietors' orders, he shipped the ambergris in separate consignments, thereby exciting their avarice and compelling them to reinforce him several times. Moore's explicit instructions to erect fortifications retarded the development of agriculture to such an extent that many of the colonists were ill-fed and suffered from a disease called by John Smith "the feagues."

The Bermudas remained under the Virginia Company's[1] jurisdiction but a few months, for they were transferred on November 25, 1612, to a new company composed of members of the old one. These owners assigned their rights to the Crown on November 23, 1614, and on June 29, 1615, James I granted a charter to one hundred and seventeen adventurers under the title of "The Governor and Company of the City of London for the Plantacon of the Somers Islands." About this time Moore[2] became dissatisfied with the

[1] In consideration of the small area of Bermuda the Virginia Company agreed to make a grant of land in Virginia toward the support of the islands, and the arrangement, Lefroy says, is commemorated by the name Bermuda Hundred, Chesterfield County, Va.

[2] Governor Moore retired to the Streights or Bermudas, in London, to escape his creditors. These obscure courts and alleys

manner in which those at home had treated him, and he departed, leaving the administration in the hands of six commissioners who, in turn, were superseded by Daniell Tucker, a Virginia planter, the first Governor under the Bermuda Company. Tucker sought to develop good husbandry, but he was thwarted by an overwhelming plague of rats, which destroyed the crops and fruits and ravaged the islands for two years, leaving destitution in their path. The rats were supposed to have been imported with a cargo of meal.

In 1618 Richard Norwood began his survey of the islands, dividing them into eight tribes, and assigning to each adventurer his share or proportion of land — a proceeding which enabled the orderly disposition of property. The public lands, which were devoted to the maintenance of the Governor, sheriff, clergy, and commanders of forts, included St. George's, St. David's, Longbird, Smith's, Cooper's, Coney, and Nonsuch Islands, part of the Main, and other islets at the eastern end, — nearly one seventh part of all the land in the colony.

Each tribe contained fifty parts or shares, and they were called Bedford's, now Hamilton, Parish; Smith's, Cavendish, now Devonshire; Pembroke,

were frequented by debtors, bullies, and others of their ilk, whose "very trade is borrowing," says Ben Jonson in "Bartholomew Fair."

Paget, Mansil's, now Warwick; Southampton and Sandys.

It would be impossible to relate within a small compass the detailed history of the plantation under proprietary rule. The colonists were granted a measure of self-government almost from the outset. A General Assembly met at St. George's on August 1, 1620, and there was another body called the General Sessions. "Twice every year each tribe sent six men, chosen by themselves, to the General Sessions," says Lefroy in his "Constitutional History of the Bermudas," "and every alternate year they sent four men to the General Assembly; it is difficult to say which of the two bodies had the more important influence. The General Assembly 'had the making of Laws and Orders for the particular necessities and occasions of the Islands,' but upon the grand jury devolved the tremendous power of presentment without indictment for any matters or offences within their knowledge or observation; and it is easy to see what an opening for scandals and petty persecutions was afforded by it." All acts passed by the Assembly were subject to ratification by the company, but, as Lefroy further remarks, "if the colonists had in some sense representative institutions from the first, they were such as afforded no security against fiscal exactions."

Indeed, the proprietors conducted an oppressive monopoly. A few of them emigrated to Bermuda and lived on their shares, but the majority remained in England and permitted the colonists, their tenants, to cultivate tobacco, the staple crop, as halvers; that is, half of their products paid the rent of the land they tilled.

> "Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
> To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
> Such is the mould that the blest tenant feeds
> On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds."

By the terms of the company's charter the colonists were to be freed from taxation for seven years, and for fourteen years their products were to enter the ports of England under a duty of only five per cent, and, "after the expiration of twenty-one years, were to be charged only according to the books of rates and according to the ancient trade of merchants." In practice these conditions were openly disregarded, and long before the seven years elapsed the inhabitants had petitioned the King for relief from "excessive rates of goods yearly sent over by them," the proprietors, who compelled the purchase of necessities from the company's depot at exorbitant prices. Tobacco being the only medium of exchange, this system of polite extortion, combined

with impositions of fines and taxes, furnished the means by which the company kept its servants in poverty. Moreover, the inhabitants were permitted to trade only with vessels sent out by the company, — a rule combated by several of its members, — and they were forbidden to have commercial intercourse with other American colonies; neither were they allowed to build ships. Denial of the right to engage in whaling, except by special commission, was another source of grievance.

Those glowing tales of Bermuda's resources which were accepted without question in England before the process of colonisation began proved to be largely fictitious. "Ambergris," as Lefroy explains, "was not 'driven ashore by every storm where the wind bloweth.' The abundance of turtle, fish, and fowl came to an end." And what was even worse, tobacco never realised the profit expected of it. The Virginia article was far superior in quality, and what competition failed to do in the way of crushing the Bermuda grower was accomplished by the heavy imposts levied in London on his output. Tobacco never brought him more than two shillings and sixpence a pound, and its value finally declined to a point where the profit was inappreciable.

The position of the various governors, who came and went frequently, was uncomfortable, to

say the least. Dependent themselves upon the uncertain products of the public lands, and urged constantly to show results, financial results, from the colony as a whole, they threw the oppressive burden upon the people. Many of the colonists were sturdy and industrious, but others, men and women alike, came from London slums and jails. Lazy, shiftless, and morally depraved, these worthless inhabitants had ample opportunity to satisfy their desire for intoxicants, thanks to the regular supplies brought out by the company's ships. Under the circumstances, harsh measures on the part of the governors were inevitable. Men were executed for minor offences, and the stocks, the branding iron, and the lash found victims innumerable. The company's laws spared not even the innocent. Children of parents who had died in debt were sold into bondage, apprentices were virtually slaves, and there are records of adult colonists who lived in servitude.

As the colony grew older, it passed through the same social, political, and ecclesiastical struggles which beset England in the seventeenth century. Its population included many elements and faiths. Scotch and Irish prisoners of war were sent thither as convicts at large; Anglicans, Royalists, Roundheads, Independents, Quakers, Brownists, Anabaptists, and Presbyterians were represented in

varying numbers, and each sect and political faction had its dissensions and feuds. Secessions from the Established Church took place early in the colony's history, and though freedom of religious worship was frequently demanded, this laudable desire did not deter the Independents and others from persecuting their weaker brethren, particularly the Quakers, whose attempts to educate the negro slaves met with holy disapproval.

A dramatic episode occurred when news reached Bermuda, in 1649, of the execution of Charles I, and the establishment by Oliver Cromwell of the Commonwealth of England. The native Royalists not only acknowledged Charles II to be their sovereign, but they rose in arms, elected one John Trimingham to the office of governor, and banished the more influential Independents, sending these so-called followers of the Commonwealth to the island of Eleutheria, where, in 1646, Captain William Sayle of Bermuda had founded a utopian plantation in which "every man might enjoy his own opinion or religion without control or question." In 1650 Parliament declared Bermuda to be in a state of rebellion, but as no attempt was made to reduce the colony to submission the inhabitants did not swear allegiance to the Commonwealth until after the surrender of Barbadoes — another rebellious colony — in 1652.

Coincident with the rise of Puritanism came a change in the personnel of the company, which, however, lost none of its privileges. Amnesty was granted to the native Royalists, and the banished Independents were recalled from Eleutheria, that colony having proved such a failure as to call forth the sympathy of the Massachusetts churches, whose congregations collected some £800 to supply its necessities.

A marked deterioration in the social and public life of Bermuda had its origin under Puritan rule with the sudden manifestation of a belief in witchcraft. Indiscreet actions and utterances of simple-minded men and women were enough to provoke indictments for sorcery, and several unfortunate persons suffered the penalty of death after notably unfair trials. Such persecution — in which, by the way, the clergy took no part, as they did in New England — continued at intervals for a period of forty-odd years. Social demoralisation became more pronounced during the reign of Charles II, and extended to the negro slaves, whose number had greatly increased since their advent in 1616. It is worthy of note that the Indians who were captured in the Pequod and Sachem Philip wars in New England and sold in Bermuda, as well as those brought from the West Indies, gave little or no trouble, but the negroes organised several

formidable conspiracies, which resulted in severe measures against their lawlessness.

In justice to the proprietors it must be said that they established schools and endeavoured to promote the moral welfare of the colonists, in so far as it was compatible with their interests. Some of their laws, especially those designed to conserve the cedar, contained much wisdom, but avarice and the ignorance of tyranny were the most conspicuous features of administration, and the logical result came to pass. While the colony was demonstrating itself to be an unprofitable venture, the planters were enabled to purchase the acres they tilled, and gradually the company's property, excepting the public lands, was alienated. As the tenants became freemen, they openly defied the company and refused to obey its laws, taking advantage at the same time of its declining influence to press their claims for relief in England. Their side of the case was conducted with irresistible vigour, and at last, in 1684, the Court of King's Bench abolished the company through quo warranto proceedings, Bermuda entering upon a new era as a colony of the Crown.

CHAPTER V

COLONY UNDER THE CROWN

During the last ten years of the Bermuda Company's existence the Assembly was not permitted to meet, owing to its opposition to the high-handed method of government, but the Crown re-established this representative body and sessions were resumed on June 6, 1687. Some of the oppressive restrictions were thereupon removed; in fact, the colonists were left to develop their resources without surveillance, the home government going so far as to neglect to send out gunpowder or ordnance in the period between 1701 and 1738. The Bermudians were not slow to desert their unprofitable farms and take a living from the sea, building small ships of cedar and finding employment for them. As early as 1678 some of the more enterprising inhabitants carried their slaves to Turk's Island and engaged in the manufacture of salt. This lucrative trade was conducted in the winter months, the salt rakers storing their product in Bermuda and later, when the weather was favourable, taking it to Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, receiving in exchange corn, bread, flour, pork, and lumber.

Before the salt season opened it was customary for the traders to carry quantities of cabbages and onions to the West Indies, returning with rum, molasses, and cotton, the last-named product furnishing them with the greater part of their apparel.

The salt trade continued without interference until the rakers were driven away by Spaniards in 1710. By force of arms the Bermudians regained possession of the ponds, and thereafter they maintained armed vessels for the protection of their industry. In the reign of George II the French landed and declared their right to Turk's Island, but were induced to withdraw peacefully; and again in 1764 they descended on the salt rakers, destroyed their buildings and effects, and took a number of them captive to Cape François. The French, however, were compelled to give up the ponds and pay an indemnity, and the trade was rehabilitated.

From men of their own blood, too, the Bermudians suffered indignities and losses. In 1768 Captain Robert Gregory of H. M. S. *Scarborough* seized the cargoes of some twenty Bermuda vessels at Tortugas, where Bermudians had been making salt for fifty years. There was no warrant for Gregory's act; apparently he was paid for his work by captains of merchant ships under convoy of his own; but the Bermudians obtained little or

no redress in this instance. At that time some seven hundred and fifty Bermudians were employed at Turk's Island, and they desired the annexation of the colony to their own, owing to their fear that the trade might be lost, as well as the attitude of the government of the Bahamas, which was imposing heavy taxes and undue restrictions upon the salt rakers under pretence of superior jurisdiction. Strong representations were made to the Lords of Trades and Plantations on this point, the Bermudians asserting their rights as colonisers and recalling a former decision which had given them the freedom of the ponds.

For thirty years the matter was held in abeyance, then Turk's Island was granted to the Bahamas; but long before that event the Bermudians had established themselves as the principal carriers in the coastwise and West Indian trade of the North American provinces. They were the original colonisers under the British government of the Bahamas, and in 1701 endeavoured to obtain legal control of them, pointing to the fact that five hundred "lusty young fellows," natives of Bermuda, who had gone to the West Indies to earn a living, would speedily repair to the new possession and settle it permanently. Not receiving a favourable reply and being annoyed by a nest of pirates who made the Bahamas their rendezvous, the Bermuda

government sent out an expedition in 1713 and cleared the islands of these worthies.

At home also the people had to fight for the protection of their shipping. In 1720 Captain Joell in the sloop *Devonshire* attacked and disabled a large Spanish ship, heavily armed, and in 1741 a Spanish privateer, which had boldly landed prisoners on one of the islands, was pursued by two native sloops. At this time Bermuda privateers brought in many French prisoners, the number of which increased to such an extent in 1745 that they proved a burdensome expense to the colony, and measures were adopted for their transportation. The people were so much concerned by the appearance of two French privateers in 1761 that the ship *Royal Ann* and brigantine *Sally* were hastily fitted to drive them away, an embargo being laid on shipping until the outcome of the cruise was learned. Though the expedition was successful, the enemy returned after a time and made many captures almost in sight of land, the government being too poor to keep armed vessels constantly in commission.

So engrossed were the people in maritime pursuits that little or no attention was paid to agriculture. The whites actually looked upon farming as a degrading occupation; they trained their active men slaves to be mechanics and sailors, leav-

ing the tillage of land to incompetent negroes and aged women, whose implements were of the crudest type. This short-sighted policy made the people dependent upon America for three quarters of the supplies necessary for their subsistence, and brought about its punishment in due time. Twice in 1756 Gov. William Popple petitioned the Provincial Congress of Pennsylvania for permission to import foodstuffs, and when the outbreak of the American Revolution led to the prohibition of trade and intercourse with the mainland after September 10, 1775, the Bermudians faced extremities which afforded a severe test of their loyalty to the Crown. The Assembly passed a law to prevent the exportation of corn, wheat, barley, rice, beans, flour, etc., and fixed prices for these commodities, but this was insufficient to stave off the prospects of famine. Provisions could not be obtained from Great Britain because the people had no staple with which to purchase them; productions of the unprohibited colonies were sufficient only for themselves; the one alternative was an appeal to the magnanimity of the Americans in revolt.

Exigencies of the situation naturally influenced the islanders. Members and friends of Bermuda families living in America had joined the cause of freedom in the field, the colony's commerce was in danger of annihilation; and a third consideration

was the urgent necessity for food. To quote from an address of the Legislature to the Crown:

"Self preservation gave the alarm, and in such an exigency there was no alternative but an application to the American Congress, setting forth the situation of the island and requesting a dispensation of that resolve in favour of a people who without their aid must inevitably perish, or a submission to all the horrors of famine and general distress. When such motives (and such alone) influenced their conduct, the inhabitants of Bermuda assured themselves that the Father of His People would not take umbrage at a measure dictated by the most powerful and irresistible law of nature. The people therefore imprest with those sentiments deputed some persons from the several parishes to make application for that purpose in May, 1775. At that time we scarcely knew of the dawning of civil war and cherished hopes that it might still be prevented from breaking out by an amicable and honourable reconciliation. Altho' this pleasing hope has been blasted by the event, yet we flatter ourselves that your Majesty will regard with a favourable eye a measure which if reprobated by the malevolence of some, or the misinformation and ignorance of others, was yet dictated by necessity, the most urgent of human incentives."

Congress replied to the petition by intimating

that the Bermudians would receive supplies if they brought firearms and ammunition to America. Logical reasons prompted this answer. The Revolutionary army was in immediate need of powder, and General Washington had been apprised of the existence of a magazine in Bermuda, the contents of which he naturally coveted. Accordingly, on August 4, 1775, when in camp at Cambridge, Mass., the General wrote a letter to Governor Cooke of Rhode Island in which he said:

"Our necessities in the articles of powder and lead are so great as to require an immediate supply. I must earnestly entreat, you will fall upon such measures to forward every pound of each in the colony, which can possibly be spared. It is not within the propriety or safety of such a correspondence to say what I might upon this subject. It is sufficient, that the case calls loudly for the most strenuous exertions of every friend of his country, and does not admit of the least delay. No quantity, however small, is beneath notice, and should any arrive, I beg it may be forwarded as soon as possible.

"But a supply of this kind is so precarious, not only from the danger of the enemy, but the opportunity of purchasing, that I have revolved in my mind every other possible chance and listened to every proposition on the subject, which could give

the smallest hope. Among others, I have had one mentioned, which has some weight with me, as well as the general officers to whom I have proposed it. One Harris has lately come from Bermuda, where there is a very considerable magazine in a remote part of the island; and the inhabitants well disposed not only to our cause in general, but to assist in this enterprise in particular. We understand there are two armed vessels in your province, commanded by men of known activity and spirit; one of which it is proposed to despatch on this errand with such assistance as may be requisite. Harris is to go along as the conductor of the enterprise, and to avail ourselves of his knowledge of the island; but without any command. I am very sensible, that at first view the project may appear hazardous and its success must depend on the concurrence of many circumstances, but we are in a situation which requires us to run all risks. No danger is to be considered, when put in competition with the magnitude of the cause, and the absolute necessity of increasing our stock. Enterprises which appear chimerical, often prove successful from that very circumstance. Common sense and prudence will suggest vigilance and care, where the danger is plain and obvious; but, where little danger is apprehended, the more the enemy will be unprepared, and con-

sequently there is the fairest prospect of success."

The plan was approved by Governor Cooke and the Rhode Island Committee, and Captain Abraham Whipple agreed to engage in the affair on condition that General Washington gave written assurance that he would use his influence with the Continental Congress to permit the exportation of supplies to Bermuda, providing the Bermudians assisted the Captain. Another letter sent by Washington to Governor Cooke reveals the General's intimate knowledge of the Bermudians' temper. On August 14 Washington wrote that "our Necessity is great; the Expectation of being supplied by the Inhabitants of the Islands under such hazards as they must run are slender, so that the only Chance of Success is by a sudden Strike. There is a great difference between acquiescing in the Measure and becoming Principals; the former we have reason to expect, the latter is doubtful."

On September 6 Washington suggested to Cooke the seizure of the mail packet from England and said: "If the vessel proposed to go to Bermudas should cruise for a few days off Sandy Hook, I have no doubt she would fall in with her." The same day this letter was written, Washington penned the following address to the Inhabitants of the Island of Bermuda:

"GENTLEMEN, — In the great conflict, which agitates this continent, I cannot doubt but the assertors of freedom and the right of the constitution are possessed of your most favourable regards and wishes for success. As descendants of freemen, and heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance, we flatter ourselves, that, though divided by our situation, we are firmly united in sentiment. The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space and distance.

"You need not be informed, that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonists into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much human blood, and left us no alternative but a civil war, or a base submission. The wise Disposer of all events has hitherto smiled upon our virtuous efforts. Those mercenary troops, a few of whom lately boasted of subjugating this vast continent, have been checked in their earliest ravages, and are now actually encircled in a small space, their arms disgraced, and suffering all the calamities of a siege. The virtue, spirit, and union of the provinces leave them nothing to fear, but the want of ammunition. The appli-

cation of our enemies to foreign states, and their vigilance upon our coasts, are the only efforts they have made against us with success. Under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, Gentlemen, for relief. We are informed, there is a very large magazine on your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition, in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you; we know not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance in availing ourselves of this supply; but, if your favour and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further the scheme, so as to give it the fairest prospect of success. Be assured that in this case the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honourable Continental Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every mark of affection and friendship, which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors."

Captain Whipple sailed on September 12 in the larger of the Rhode Island vessels, having instructions to cruise off New York fourteen days with

the purpose of intercepting the English mail packet. If the vessel did not appear in that time, he was to proceed to Bermuda.

"But he had scarcely sailed from Providence before an account appeared in the newspapers of one hundred barrels of powder having been taken from Bermuda by a vessel supposed to be from Philadelphia, and another from South Carolina. The facts were such as to make it in the highest degree probable that this was the same powder which Captain Whipple had gone to procure. General Washington and Governor Cooke were both of opinion that it was best to countermand his instructions. The other armed vessel of Rhode Island was immediately despatched in search of the captain with orders, that, when he had finished the cruise in search of the packet, he should return to Providence. But it was too late. Captain Whipple had heard of the arrival of the packet at New York, and had proceeded on his voyage to Bermuda.

"He put in at the west end of the island. The inhabitants were at first alarmed, supposing him to command a King's armed vessel, and the women and children fled into the country; but when he showed his commission and instructions they treated him with cordiality and friendship. They had assisted in removing the powder, which was made known to General Gage, and he had sent a

sloop of war to take away all superfluous provisions from the island. They professed themselves hearty friends to the American Cause, but as Captain Whipple was defeated in the object of his voyage he speedily returned to Providence." (Governor Cooke's MS. letters, from "The Writings of George Washington," vol. III, by Worthington Chauncey Ford.)

By a singular coincidence, the magazine was depleted on August 14, the date of one of Washington's communications to Cooke. Even now many details of the incident are still to be elucidated. George James Bruere, a man of unpleasant disposition, to characterise him mildly, was then Governor of the colony. His official residence occupied a site on Government Hill, an eminence overlooking the town of St. George's, and the magazine stood near by. According to the local version of the seizure, the keys of the magazine were taken from beneath the Governor's pillow, and the powder kegs were rolled out of Government House grounds and conveyed to a spot on the north shore, now called the Naval Tanks. Here they were loaded into whaleboats in charge of a Captain Morgan,[1] and carried to two Bermuda sloops at anchor outside the reefs near North Rock.

[1] A Bermuda tradition relates to a heavy raincloud which hangs over the islands at a certain season and is known as "Old Morgan," whose spirit cannot rest until the descendants of the "powder stealers" are hung.

It is obvious that the affair was carefully planned, and that the participants included unidentified colonists of prominence, but it is certain that the powder was not shipped in Bermuda vessels. Bancroft says that George Ord in a sloop despatched from Philadelphia by Robert Morris under pretence of a trading voyage to New Providence, took the magazine by surprise, and, in conjunction with a schooner from South Carolina, carried off more than one hundred barrels of powder. The name of the South Carolina vessel does not appear, but Mr. De Lancey Cleveland,[1] a descendant of Captain Ord, is authority for the statement that his vessel was the brigantine *Retaliation*, which anchored near Mangrove Bay, at the west end of Bermuda, and received the powder from sailboats that were sent to St. George's during the night of August 14. In view of the distance of the magazine from the point of loading and the many miles of water covered by the boats in the space of a few hours, the undertaking certainly proves the efficiency of Captain Ord's men.

The affair created extraordinary excitement in Bermuda. The Assembly offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the offenders and said: "We are deeply concerned to find that so flagitious an act should have been committed at this time of uni-

[1] New York *Evening Post*, February 24, 1904.

versal distress." Governor Bruere informed them that one hundred barrels had been carried away and called it a "most heinous and attrocious crime." He also made wholesale accusations of treason and strenuously endeavoured, but without success, to discover the names of the delinquents. So far as the Americans were concerned their act conformed to the legitimate rules of war, but the Bermudians were liable to severe penalties, and they naturally held their tongues. On the other hand, the Americans did not embarrass those who had helped them by unwise disclosures; thus the transaction is not illuminated to any extent by official records.

Captain Ord is supposed to have landed the powder at Philadelphia, and this is probably correct, for in the minutes of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, dated August 26, 1775, the following entry appears: "A letter was this day received by Capt. Ord of the *Lady Catherine*, from Henry Tucker, chairman of the Deputies of the several Parishes of Bermuda, enclosing an account for 1182 lbs. of gunpowder shipped by him aboard said vessel, amounting to £161. 14. 8., that currency, with an account of eight half bars. of powder on board said vessel, the property of Captain John Cowper of North Carolina, for which last powder Mr. Tucker has engaged that this board

or Mr. Robert Morris will be accountable for." The minutes for September 20 show this credit: "August 26. By sundry casks of powder imported in the *Lady*, Capt. Ord from Bermuda, 1800 lbs. N. B. There is upwards of 7 cwt. of the powder imported from Bermuda that is unfit for use."

It would appear that both entries refer to the same consignment, and that the committee, of which Robert Morris was a member, took charge of all the powder. Captain Ord was the owner of more than one vessel, and the evidence seems to show that he used the *Lady Catherine* or *Lady*, instead of the *Retaliation* in his successful expedition. A Captain Samuel Stiles of Georgia is another who is supposed to have participated, while a descendant of St. George Tucker[1] asserts that this gentleman, a Bermudian by birth but a Virginian by adoption, arranged the details of the seizure when he visited the islands, for the ostensible purpose of obtaining a cargo of salt. That the Bermuda branch of the Tucker family had close connections with the American cause is apparent from the Pennsylvania Committee Records, as well as from the fact that American vessels, in communicating with the islands, were supposed

[1] J. Fairfax McLaughlin, Jr., in New York *Evening Post* March 5, 1904.

to stand in toward the west end and set signals, which would bring a boat from a "Mr. Tucker."

It remained for Washington to fulfil his promise to Captain Whipple, and on October 29, 1775, he wrote to Governor Cooke, saying: "Capt. Whipple's voyage has been unfortunate, but it is not in our power to command success, though it is always our duty to deserve it. . . . I agree with you, that the attachment of our Bermudian brethren ought to recommend them to the favourable regards of their friends in America, and I doubt not that it will. I shall certainly take a proper opportunity to make their case known to the honourable Continental Congress."

The Continental Congress showed its gratitude by resolving, on November 22, 1775, to permit yearly exports of provisions to Bermuda in exchange for cargoes of salt, a commodity which was not plentiful in America. Shipments were apportioned among the provinces as follows: South Carolina was to send 300 tierces of rice; North Carolina, 16,000 bushels of Indian corn and 468 bushels of peas or beans; Virginia, 36,000 bushels of corn and 1050 bushels of peas or beans; Maryland, 20,000 bushels of corn and 582 bushels of peas or beans; Pennsylvania, 1200 barrels of flour or bread and 600 barrels of beef or pork; New York, 800 barrels of flour or bread and 400

barrels of beef or pork. The colonists were also to be furnished with lumber, soap, and candles as necessity arose. In accordance with this resolution, the Pennsylvania Committee, on November 25, granted permission to Edward Stiles to load the *Sea Nymph*, Samuel Stobel, master, for Bermuda. This was but one of several cargoes exported under the terms of the resolve, the Secret and Marine Committee being "charged with fitting out vessels with cargoes to Bermuda."

On July 24, 1776, the Continental Congress again extended aid to the Bermudians by permitting their vessels to trade with American ports, and in November, 1777, Bermuda ships were exempted from capture by American privateers. Notwithstanding these indulgences, the people continually suffered for lack of food because they had little or nothing of value to offer in return for provisions. Only by illicit trading with their salt vessels were they able to fulfil their urgent wants, although the government occasionally permitted ships to go in search of provisions. Some of the skippers who had no official commission went so far as to drive their craft among the reefs and leave the unloading to small boats.

About the middle of 1777 two armed American brigs from South Carolina put in at the west end of the islands and remained a week without inter-

ference, although the British sloop-of-war *Nautilus* lay at anchor in Castle Harbour. The Assembly protested against the inactivity of the sloop, but Governor Bruere explained that her bottom was foul and the pilots could not take her through the reefs. He said further that the "rebel brigs" were commanded by Bermuda captains, who were "supposed to be well acquainted with the rocks and coast."

Not all the Bermudians were friendly toward the American cause, and American merchantmen suffered at the hands of loyalists who embarked in the business of privateering, with the approval of Governor Bruere. Though the native privateers captured a number of vessels, the Americans in turn took their share of prizes, one of which was a ship manned by eighty slaves, who were liberated upon their arrival at Boston.

For the captured Americans no proper accommodations were provided in Bermuda. They were fed on raw rice once a day, and their jail at St. George's was such a loathsome place that on November 19, 1779, the Assembly complained to the Governor, saying: "Unhappy are we to find . . . that men thrown among us by the calamities of war alone should be suffer'd to remain in a situation shocking to every principle of humanity." As a result of this treatment a malignant fever

originated in the jail and spread throughout the islands, causing extreme mortality and interfering with the sittings of the Assembly.

The Governor died in September, 1780, and was succeeded by a man of the same name — George Bruere — who never lost an opportunity to accuse the Assembly and people of disloyalty. He complained that the Bermudians were supplying "the rebels" with "that great essential, salt" — a correct accusation without a doubt, for that was the only way in which they could keep themselves alive. "As far as I can," he said, "and it constitutionally lays with me, I will make my actions outgo my words against the rebel trade. Let us change our system! fit out your fine vessels as privateers; the French and every enemy constantly pass close by us, often in our very sight. Conduct them in; riches and honour will attend you."

It was the Governor's theory that the islanders could easily supply themselves by capturing prizes, and he persistently endeavoured to encourage privateering, urging at the same time the building of adequate fortifications. But the people paid little attention to this advice, and again in June, 1781, the Governor spoke about the "wicked, designing men" who "had caused a misguided and deluded people to do all they could to serve the Ameri-

cans." Finally, he was unmercifully castigated by the Assembly and accused of prying into private correspondence by intercepting London letters on their return from Boston. These letters were probably written to Henry Tucker, the Bermuda agent at London, and it appears from the Governor's reply that they were returned by[1] John Hancock to Bermuda friends for the purpose of inflaming the people.

Had the Continental Congress possessed a fleet capable of holding Bermuda, the colony might have been lost to England. The powder expedition not only suggested the probable reception which an invading force would have received, but it revealed Bermuda's weakness in a military sense, a small body of militia constituting its only protection. All this was known to the Americans and their allies, the French, who, realising the group's importance as a base for naval operations, advanced tentative plans for its capture. Silas Deane, a secret agent of the Continental Congress, who stopped at Bermuda in 1776, to purchase a swift native sloop, which carried him to Bordeaux, France, advised the seizure of Bermuda, while the same subject was subsequently discussed in correspondence which passed between the Comte de

[1] From 1775 to 1780 John Hancock was a delegate from Massachusetts to the Continental Congress.

Vergennes, Brigadier Hopkins of the French service, and the Marquis de Lafayette. The latter, writing to the Comte on February 2, 1780, said he would personally organise a "parti de la liberté" in Bermuda.

Another indication of the serious consideration given to Bermuda is contained in the Treaties of Commerce and Alliance between France and America. This document, which was signed on February 6, 1778, provided that Bermuda should be added to the American confederation in the event of capture. Although the plans never materialised, they had the effect of producing in England a more intelligent recognition of Bermuda's value as a naval and military station.

A contemporary account of the colony during the eighteenth century is found in the Abbé Raynal's work, "A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies," published by Silvester Doig, Edinburgh, 1792. It is probable that he obtained his facts from travellers, as he did not visit the islands. He tells of their settlement, and says:

"The population increased considerably, because the advantages of the climate were greatly exaggerated. People went there from the Leeward Islands for the benefit of their health and

from the Northern Colonies to enjoy their fortune in peace. Many royalists retired there in expectation of the death of their oppressor, Cromwell, Waller among the rest, that charming poet, who as an enemy to that tyrannical deliverer, crossed the seas, and celebrated those fortunate islands, inspired by the influence of the air, and the beauty of the prospects, which are always favourable to the poet. He imparted his enthusiasm to the fair sex. The English ladies never thought themselves fine or well dressed but in small Bermuda hats made with palm leaves.

"But at last the charm was broken, and these islands fell into the contempt which their insignificance deserved. They are very numerous, and their whole compass does not exceed six or seven leagues. The soil is very indifferent, and has not a single spring to water it. There is no water to drink, but what is taken from wells and cisterns. Maize, vegetables, and excellent fruits afford plenty of excellent food, but they have no commodities for exportation; yet chance has collected under this pure and temperate sky, four or five thousand inhabitants, poor, but happy in being unobserved. They have no outward connections but by some ships passing from the northern to the southern colonies, which sometimes stop to make refreshments in these peaceful islands.

"Some attempts have been made to improve the circumstances of these people by industry. It has been wished that they would try to raise silk, then cochineal, and, lastly, that they would plant vineyards. But these schemes have only been thought of. These islanders, consulting their own happiness, have confined their sedentary arts to the weaving of sails. This manufactory, so well adapted to plain and moderate men, grows daily more and more flourishing.

"For upwards of a century past they have also built ships at the Bermudas, that are not to be equalled for swiftness and durability, and are in great request, especially for privateers. They are made of a kind of cedar, called by the French, Acajon. They have endeavoured to imitate them at Jamaica and in the Bahama Islands, where they had plenty of materials which were grown scarce and dear in the old docks, but these ships are and must be far inferior to their models.

"The principal inhabitants of the Bermuda Islands formed a society in 1765, the statutes of which are perhaps the most respectable monument that ever dignified humanity. These virtuous citizens have engaged themselves to form a library of all books of husbandry, in whatever language they have been written; to procure all capable persons, in both sexes, an employment suitable to

their disposition; to bestow a reward on every man who has introduced into the colony any new art, or contributed to the improvement of one already known; to give a pension to every daily workman, who after having assiduously continued his labour and maintained a good character for forty years, shall not have been able to lay up stock sufficient to allow him to pass his latter days in quiet, and, lastly, to indemnify every inhabitant of Bermuda who shall have been oppressed either by the minister or the magistrate.

"May these advantages be preserved to these industrious though indigent people, happy in their labour and in their poverty, which keeps their morals untainted. They enjoy the benefits of a pure and serene sky, with health and with peace of mind. The poison of luxury has never infected them. They are not themselves addicted to envy nor do they excite it in others. The rage and ambition of war is extinguished upon their coasts, as the storms of the ocean that surround them are broken. The virtuous man would willingly cross the seas to enjoy the sight of their frugality. They are totally unacquainted with what passes in the world we live in; and it will be happy for them to remain in their ignorance."

This society, with its outlines of old-age pensions, one hundred and forty years odd, before

they were adopted in England, may have been the Somerset Bridge Club, according to Williams, in his "History of Bermuda," published in 1848; "but," says he, "if such extensive and philanthropical measures were ever contemplated, they must have signally failed, as the club has long since ceased to exist and its library has not been preserved."

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR OF 1812 AND AFTER

A PARTIAL state of famine still existed in Bermuda when William Browne of Salem, Mass., arrived in 1782 to fill the Governor's chair for a term that lasted six years. Governor Browne had held important judicial offices in Massachusetts, but his adherence to Tory principles necessitated his withdrawal from that province, although he was highly esteemed even by those who differed from him in opinion. Having an inherent knowledge of the needs of colonials, he was soon able to win the sympathies of the people, and, unlike the majority of his predecessors, he was patient and tactful in his dealings with the Assembly. While he did not actually discourage privateering, the weight of his counsel was thrown against what he termed the " rude, desultory kind of life " on which the Bermudians had embarked, and he steadfastly endeavoured to promote a more wholesome respect for civil authority and the pursuit of milder occupations.

One of his first acts was to declare the whale fishery free to all, for which the Assembly expressed its gratitude in florid language. Hitherto

whales had been considered "royal fishes," and as the fishery could only be conducted under licenses, fees for which were paid to the Governor, the people had practically ceased to engage in it. Another progressive step was the Assembly's provision for the colony's first newspaper, the *Bermuda Gazette*, which made its appearance on January 17, 1784. Governor Browne also inaugurated a sounder financial policy, his administration being marked throughout by intelligence and a genuine desire to further the colony's interests.

But he sometimes had great difficulty in enforcing the laws. In 1782 and 1783, for instance, small-pox spread over the islands to such an extent that many persons had recourse to a form of inoculation which was illegal inasmuch as it widened the area of infection, although the cases were less virulent. Heavy penalties were imposed, the chief justice and speaker of the Assembly were even accused of transgressing the law, and the Assembly decided it would be expedient to pass a bill for the exemption of all fines if the "Streams of Justice" were to be "preserved pure and unpolluted."

At the conclusion of peace the regulation of intercourse between the British West Indies and the United States opened to the Bermudians the

prospect of enlarged commerce, Governor Browne saying the new policy suggested fair and profitable employment, " as the superiority of our ships and sailors has long been universally acknowledged." He was not mistaken. Shipbuilding [1] received an impetus and the Bermudians resumed their old position as carriers for the Americans, having a fleet of more than one hundred and seventy-five vessels in 1789. Depredations of French privateers hampered shipping in 1793, but a more serious injury was brought about by the opening of the colony's ports to vessels of foreign nations that were friendly to Great Britain. For several years competition of foreigners was keen, and then the islanders forged ahead again until placed at a disadvantage by the War of 1812.

By an order in Council dated October 13, 1812, it was permissible to export to the United States in licensed foreign bottoms British plantation sugar and coffee imported into Bermuda by British vessels, and these foreign vessels might return with certain American products without fear of moles-

[1] Bermuda cedar is so close grained that the shipbuilders put it into vessels' bottoms without seasoning. Their vessels were noted for speed — an essential quality in privateering days. They constructed several ships of war with cedar, but it splintered in action and proved so expensive that the practice was discontinued. The colony owned a sloop-of-war and gunboat in 1795.

tation by English men-of-war. This enabled the colony's fleet to conduct trade between Bermuda and the West Indies on the one hand and Newfoundland on the other. There was profit in this when the Bermudians were successful in eluding the enemy, but so many of their ships fell into the hands of American privateers that the native merchants were seriously crippled. The extent of their losses is better realised when it is said that thirty-nine vessels belonging to the port of Hamilton alone, valued with their cargoes at a little more than £200,000 [1] were taken or destroyed in the course of the war.

Conversely, scores of merchantmen flying the Swedish, Portuguese, and Spanish flags were sent into Bermuda for adjudication in the prize court, and the use of the islands as a naval base provided employment for the shipbuilders and surplus sailors. Furthermore, the presence of a large fleet naturally attracted all manner of supplies, and not a few Americans engaged in the business of supplying the British squadrons.

"We hear of frequent arrivals at Bermuda of provisions from the United States," says *Niles' Weekly Register* of Baltimore in its issue of April 24, 1813. "The traitors may yet be

[1] The colony's currency was at that period rated at twelve shillings sterling to the pound.

caught. It is a desperate game." One of the traitors, who apparently had no respect for an honoured name, brought the schooner *George Washington* from New Haven with forty head of cattle and offered to supply Admiral Warren with fresh beef, deliverable either at Gardner's Island in the Delaware or at Bermuda.

Commercial houses and the government were so seriously embarrassed in 1814 by the scarcity of currency that Admiral Warren endeavoured to obtain supplies of cash from New London. He planned to have money received on board His Majesty's ship *Victorious*, and to her commander, Captain Talbot, detailed instructions were forwarded by the Spanish schooner *Rosa*. But the fortune of war made the *Rosa* a prize to the American privateer *Viper*, and the Admiral's letter was found in one of the Spanish skipper's boots.

Bermuda was never attacked or threatened with attack, but one humourously audacious American cruised off shore in the privateer *Snap Dragon*, after sending an " official " notice to the Governor that he had laid the islands under a rigid blockade. Two United States war vessels found their way to Bermuda under British colours. The first was the sloop *Wasp*, Captain Jones, which fought and defeated the British sloop *Frolic* in a desperate engagement off Albermarle Sound on October 13,

1812. Both vessels were disabled, and while effecting repairs the British liner *Poictiers* came on the scene and convoyed them to Bermuda.

The second capture was that of Commodore Decatur's frigate *President*, which was taken in a running fight with a British squadron off Long Island on June 15, 1815, and lost heavily in officers and men. Among the wounded was Midshipman Richard Sutherland Dale, a son of one of John Paul Jones's officers. Dale was nursed in a private family until his death and was buried in St. Peter's churchyard at St. George's.

Journalistic enterprise in the case of the *President* brought the editor of the *Bermuda Royal Gazette*, Edmund Ward, into high disfavour, and cost him his position as King's Printer. His side of the affair as personally related by him appears in the Bermuda *Almanack* for 1900, from which this quotation is taken:

"During my residence in Bermuda the American war broke out, and just at its conclusion the American frigate *President*, Commodore Decatur, was captured by the *Endymion*, Capt. Hope. Commodore Decatur was transferred to the ship which captured his vessel, and sail was made for Bermuda. All the ship's books had been thrown overboard, and it was found impossible to ascertain the number of the *President's* crew, which,

as was supposed, were subsequently distributed on board the other ships, with the exception of some thirty men and some junior officers, who were left on board intentionally; and Lieut. Morgan of the *Endymion*, and the Hon. Lieut. Perceval of the *Tenedos*, with ninety-six men, were put on board the prize for the purpose of bringing her into port. On the following day the ships separated in a gale, and towards evening it was fortunately discovered that sixty-eight men were concealed in the sail room, who were immediately secured and put in irons, and the *President* narrowly escaped recapture by a treacherous surprise.

"Having been informed of this circumstance by some gentlemen of St. George's who visited the ship, I mentioned it in the next *Royal Gazette*, and was directed by the Governor, Sir James Cockburn, to contradict it, on his assurance that it was not the case. Subsequently I found that I had been misled, and Commodore Decatur, on his arrival in the United States, having stated in a supplemental letter to the Secretary of the Navy that the contradiction had reference to his capture by the *Endymion* alone, I reiterated my assertion as to the concealment of the men, which I was immediately required by Sir James Cockburn to retract, and declining to do so, was

deprived of my commission as King's Printer. It happened fortunately — the ship having sailed for England — that Lieut. Perceval remained on the station, who, on his arrival at Bermuda in the *Bulwark*, corroborated my statement, his servant having discovered the men. Sir James refused, however, to restore me to my situation, and I published the correspondence that had taken place previous to my dismissal. . . ."

American newspapers of the period industriously published statements to the effect that prisoners of war were ill-treated in Bermuda, but Dale's experience goes far to refute the assertions. The prisons hulks were not luxurious quarters, and individual cases of oppression existed without a doubt, but there is little evidence to show that the American sailors suffered more than the ordinary discomforts of captives.

One American, Henry King by name, escaped in a truly remarkable manner in July, 1814. King had been pressed into service on board the *Poictiers* under pretext that he was an Englishman, and later was transferred to the guard ship *Ruby*. He purchased a pocket compass from a shipmate, stole one of the *Ruby's* boats at night, and set sail for America, having two loaves of bread and a few quarts of water for provisions. When inclined to sleep he lashed his arm to the

tiller, so that if the boat wore 'round he would be aroused, and thus he sailed for nine days, landing in the vicinity of Cape Henry.

The close of hostilities found the Bermudians in possession of forty-three foreign-built vessels, all prizes, which were added to their depleted tonnage, making a merchant marine of seventy-odd ships. American vessels were excluded from the British West Indies, but Bermuda ports were opened to foreign vessels from the United States, and once more the Bermudians developed a profitable commerce, carrying cargoes to and from the Caribbean.

Their activities continued until the West Indian ports were thrown open to the United States in 1822; then the rapid increase of American and Canadian ships, which were more cheaply built, brought competition that could not be favourably met, and the Bermuda fleet, so long in the ascendancy, dwindled by degrees, the phrase "salt, cedar, and sailors" losing its significance as an expression of Bermudian superiority on the high seas. One of the famous fleet, the *Gleaner*, a sloop of twenty tons, has not yet ended her long career. She was built in 1820, and her stout timbers are nearly as good as ever. The *Gleaner* carried onions, packed in palmetto baskets, to the West Indies, and for many years she has carried freight in Bermuda waters.

A few of the shipping firms held out as long as they could employ crews of slaves, but emancipation, which was proclaimed on August 1, 1834, necessitated the payment of good wages to sailors and practically completed the dissolution of the waning industry. The Bermuda slaves received few religious or educational advantages. They could contract legal marriages, but for a long time were denied the office of baptism. One law enacted in 1730 exempted a master from prosecution if he killed one of his slaves while punishing him, but in the event of deliberate killing the slayer could be fined and compelled to pay the value of his victim, if he were the property of another proprietor. Frequently, slaves were voluntarily freed when employment could not be found for them, but free negroes were subject to deportation under the law. Sometimes slaves who had been condemned to death were reprieved if they agreed to become executioners, and in at least two cases the rule was applied to white prisoners. At different periods the whites were alarmed by conspiracies among the slaves, but on the whole the races lived amicably, and in promulgating the emancipation act the Legislature refused to take advantage of the six years' apprenticeship it allowed.

The immediate extension of the rights of citi-

zenship to the coloured people and an incident occurring in 1835, the year following emancipation, expressed the people's attitude toward slavery. This incident concerned the American brig *Enterprise*, which with seventy-eight slaves on board called at the islands for provisions. Representations by the newly-liberated race induced the legal authorities to hold the vessel and disembark her passengers in order that they might have the privilege of personally deciding whether they cared to proceed on the voyage. All but a woman and her five children accepted freedom, and the *Enterprise* left seventy-two of her passengers on shore.

Virtually every white family held slaves at the time of abolition, and the compensation of £128,000 ($640,000) awarded to Bermuda was generally distributed. The system had made the whites indolent, but it was unattended by the same variety of demoralising evils which cropped out in large slave-holding communities. There were no great plantations, consequently no large colonies of slaves under a single master; and the seafaring life gave the coloured people a certain amount of freedom and wider opportunities for improvement than would have obtained had they been held strictly to the land. The treatment accorded the slaves is reflected in the present condition of the

race.[1] The Bermuda coloured people are intelligent, well-mannered, contented, and respected by the whites. This respect is reciprocated. The colour line is drawn, the races have separate schools, but there is no race feeling, no race problem, and the political and legal rights of the coloured man are zealously guarded.

It is worthy of note that at the height of their prosperity on the sea the Bermudians advocated their island home as a "nursery," as they called it, for seamen of the Royal Navy, and the War of 1812 so emphasised Bermuda's advantages as a naval station and fortress that ten years prior to emancipation a draft of convicts was sent from England to begin the development of the "Gibraltar of the West." The convicts were employed in building the dockyard at Ireland Island and in the erection of fortifications and other imperial works in various parts of the colony. None was leased to private interests, neither were any discharged in the colony.

The headquarters staff lived at Boaz Island, and the greater number of prisoners were kept in hulks anchored off the dockyard. Some lived in vessels at St. George's. They were sent to

[1] In a number of coloured families there is a strain of Indian blood, due to intermarriage with Pequod and Carib slaves, high cheek bones and straight hair indicating the ancestry.

labour on shore only when the weather permitted; were not exposed necessarily in the sun; and their hours of employment never exceeded eight per diem. With the idea of stimulating the prisoners to behave themselves and so obtain commutation of their sentences, they were classified as very good, good, indifferent, suspicious, bad, very bad, and were kept in separate compartments according to the classification. Their liberal food allowance included a gill of rum each day, and under certain conditions they were paid for their labour. One third of their weekly earnings they were permitted to spend for "articles of comfort," exclusive of meat, beer, and spirits; the remainder was reserved until their discharge. Good convicts were therefore able to carry home a tidy sum. To unruly prisoners the cat-o'-nine-tails was administered in the presence of their mates, "for the sake of example," the number of lashes depending upon the state of the victim's health as prejudged by an attending surgeon. Sometimes a man received five hundred lashes, — enough to keep him in hospital for two weeks and scar him for life. Yellow fever scourged the prison hulks, particularly during one epidemic, and the records of the service were darkened by several murders and violent outbreaks. The last draft was sent home in 1863, without regret on the part of the natives.

The immense sums of money expended in fortifications and the maintenance of the convict service naturally benefited the people, who were slow in adjusting themselves to the change in conditions resulting from the decline of their maritime industry. Farming was their only alternative, but for men trained to the sea it was a difficult pursuit, and the problem was further complicated by the apathy of the Legislature, which had long neglected the colony's internal welfare. But under the intelligent direction of Gov. William Reid, "the good governor," who assumed his duties in 1839, when but two ploughs were to be found in the islands, the people seriously devoted their energies to the soil, producing their far-famed arrowroot in large quantities and increasing their output of onions and green vegetables. Governor Reid's administration of five years marked the beginning of a more enlightened and progressive Bermuda, although the colony existed mainly upon the British taxpayer's gold until the outbreak of the American War of the Secession.

CHAPTER VII

BERMUDA'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR

NEVER again, perhaps, will Bermuda experience such a sudden transformation as that which followed the American War of the Secession. A year before the Southern States seceded the colony was known only as a British military outpost. Its trade was limited; its people were poor and content to eke out an humble existence, following as best they might in the footsteps of their forefathers. Communication with the outside world was restricted, and Bermudians were but mildly interested in fragmentary reports which told of the mighty political contest that was to place Abraham Lincoln in the White House.

The year 1860 passed, Lincoln was inaugurated, the foundation of the Confederacy laid. Sumter fell; on April 19, 1861, the President proclaimed a blockade of the Southern States from South Carolina to Texas. On April 27 the blockade was extended to Virginia and North Carolina, and within five months the Federal cruisers had become numerous enough to close many of the larger Southern ports to sailing vessels engaged in trade with the enemy. In September Bermuda was re-

ported to Washington as swarming with secessionists, and the eyes of the United States government were directed thither in the knowledge that the islands were admirably situated for the operations of steam blockade runners, which were already beginning to make their appearance in Southern waters.

October 21 witnessed the arrival of the first American warship, the *Connecticut*, whose mission was to intercept the rebel steamer *Nashville*, which was supposed to be carrying the Confederate agents, Mason and Slidell, and $2,000,000 for the purchase of supplies in England. Hearing nothing of his quarry, the *Connecticut's* commander left to cruise south, and in so doing missed the *Nashville*, which in the meantime had slipped out of Charleston and laid a course for Bermuda. She arrived there on October 26, but Mason and Slidell were not among her passengers; they had gone to Havana in another vessel. Taking six hundred tons of coal at St. George's, the *Nashville* got away on her voyage to Southampton before Washington could send another cruiser after her.

It was obvious that Bermuda was to become an entrepot for the Confederates, and its life quickened in response to the tide of events. Cotton was to furnish the sinews of war in the Confederacy, and arrangements had already been made

in England for credit upon the faith of the crop of 1860, and upon that proportion of subsequent crops which the rebel government could reasonably control. The situation was a simple one. English mills needed raw cotton, the Southerners needed munitions of war, manufactured supplies and food. There was plenty of cotton available in Southern ports for the private speculator at four cents and six cents a pound, and the Liverpool merchant foresaw great profits if he could successfully market it in England, where the price had risen to sixty cents in anticipation of a great shortage. The question was one of transportation, but the difficulties were not insuperable. Ships and men were quickly commandered, and with so much energy did the Liverpool merchants prosecute their plans that the United States government was moved, in the latter part of November, to order the *Keystone State* to cruise in the vicinity of Bermuda for the purpose of interdicting traffic with Confederate ports.

Her visit was unhappily timed on account of the diplomatic friction which had arisen over the seizure of Mason and Slidell on board the Royal Mail steamship *Trent*, and her commander received few civilities from the Bermuda authorities. He was refused the privilege of taking government coal, ostensibly because the supply was limited,

and the *Quaker City*, which followed the *Keystone State* into port, suffered a similar experience. The vessels, however, were not denied the right to avail themselves of private supplies, as the *Nashville* had done; nevertheless, the Washington authorities considered the incident of sufficient importance to quote it in their case dealing with the Alabama Claims, as evidence of unfriendly feeling toward the North.

There was no exaggeration in the statement that Bermuda swarmed with secessionists. The winter of 1861–62 revealed to the people the possibilities of their newly-found trade, and their sympathies were extended in no half-hearted manner to the land whence it flowed. If commercial greed ruled their actions, they at least had the excuse of following the example of England herself. At first blockade running direct from England was attempted, ships carrying papers which indicated their destination to be either Bermuda or Nassau, at which ports they might await a favourable opportunity for the dash to their real objective. The *Fingal*, Captain Bulloch, C. S. N., *Gladiator*, *Bermuda*, and *Watson* were four steamers loaded in Great Britain with munitions of war and sent out to Confederate ports in 1861 *via* Bermuda.

It was soon discovered, however, that direct voyages would not be profitable, particularly as

the Supreme Court of the United States had condemned several captured vessels, and the plan of transshipment was adopted. By this device the trade between England and the points of transshipment — Bermuda, Havana, Nassau — was conducted in vessels of large capacity, while a class of swift, light-draught steamers, especially designed to meet the exigencies of blockade running, were employed in the actual work of supplying the Confederacy.

Nassau was a greater station than Bermuda, though the Bermudians had no cause for jealousy. The harbour of Hamilton saw a considerable number of vessels, but the principle centre of activity was St. George's, because of its proximity to the open sea. The older town completely lost its lethargy. Its warehouses were crowded with merchandise, its wharves with cotton and coal; often a score or more of steamers lay at anchor in the harbour. And there roamed about the streets a cosmopolitan crowd of sailors, with whom were mingled Northern and Southern spies and adventurers from the seven seas. There were not enough houses to accommodate the motley crew. Men slept wherever they could, — among the cotton bales, under verandahs, in streets, vacant lots, public houses. They were willing to do anything almost, or suffer any inconvenience for the sake

of one thing — money; that was the bait which had drawn them to the hitherto neglected islands.

There was plenty of money. Tales whispered in the ports of the world had not been embroidered, as these adventurers discovered when they came to Bermuda, and those who knew how could feather their nests. Captains of blockade runners received $5000 for the run in and out; chief officers, $2500; chief engineers, $2500; second and third officers, $1250; able seamen and firemen, $250; pilots, $3750. Pilots were so well paid because, being Southerners, they were not exchanged when captured.

These sums represented gold, not Confederate currency, and in each instance half of the amount was paid as a bounty before the voyage began. Wages on shore were proportionately high, and it was common knowledge that the labourer could afford to live in luxury; but the money went as it came, — freely and swiftly, like the liquor it purchased in the nightly revels. These, too, were days of prosperity for the local merchant. Into his till flowed the capital of blockade skippers who succumbed to the allurement of private ventures, and though he called frequently upon New York as well as England for goods, he had difficulty in meeting the insistent demand. He also served as banker for thrifty sailors, and sometimes in-

duced a friendly skipper to carry a small consignment of shoes or cloth on commission, to the profit of both.

To return to the cruisers. The *Nashville* came back to Bermuda on February 20, 1862, the day after the American consul, Mr. C. M. Allen, had been notified of instructions issued by the British government which forbade men-of-war of either belligerent to take a supply of coal in excess of what would be necessary to carry them to the nearest port in their respective countries, or to some nearer destination. If, however, such vessels had coaled at a British port within three months, they were to be denied a further supply. As the *Nashville* had been accommodated at Southampton before sailing for Bermuda, Mr. Allen tried to prevent her from filling her bunkers; but his protest was disregarded because the instructions had not been officially promulgated, and the cruiser was sent to sea under escort of H. M. S. *Spiteful*.

This incident created a good deal of feeling, which was further intensified by differences arising between the Governor of Bermuda, H. St. George Ord, and Acting Rear-Admiral Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., upon the arrival of the latter, September 27, 1862, with the flagship *Wachusett* and the *Sonoma* and *Tioga*, all of which were attached to the West India Squadron. The Admiral

was the same impetuous Wilkes who as captain of the *San Jacinto* had taken Mason and Slidell from the *Trent* ten months before and nearly precipitated war between Great Britain and the United States. He came into St. George's Harbour with the *Wachusett* and *Tioga*, leaving the *Sonoma* to cruise outside for the purpose of intercepting blockade runners. This annoyed Governor Ord, and after two days he sent a naval lieutenant on board to tell Stevens, her commander, that he must either anchor inside the harbor or stand off to sea. Stevens curtly refused to obey any person save his superior officer, and some sharp correspondence passed between Admiral and Governor.

Wilkes complained that in entering port no national flag had been displayed at the staff on shore; that the Queen's proclamation relative to repairs and coaling had been handed to him by a person in "ordinary" dress; and that only after he had sent an officer on shore to tender a salute was that formality carried out, gun for gun. The Governor sent a verbal apology for the delay in accepting the salute, and Wilkes brought the *Sonoma* into port on October 1. Immediately a misunderstanding arose over her right to take coal, the Governor asserting that her supply had been unnecessarily depleted while cruising outside. Wilkes contended that the Governor had already

approved all his plans, and the point was settled in the American's favour without delay. The *Tioga* then went to sea, the *Wachusett*, whose machinery had become disabled, and the *Sonoma* following soon after.

Wilkes himself went direct to the rendezvous in the New Providence Channel, but he had not finished with Bermuda. His instructions to the *Tioga* and *Sonoma* bade them remain in the vicinity of the islands and suffer nothing to escape. He had found, so he wrote Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in his first report, that Bermuda was the "principal depot of arms and munitions of war" for those intending to run the blockade; and he had seen at St. George's seven British steamers preparing to make the run at the most favourable opportunity. His desire to capture or at least to bottle up these vessels led him to institute an extraordinary "blockade," which was not justifiable in view of the fact that England and the United States were at peace.

The *Sonoma* and *Tioga* kept in touch with Consul Allen by boats and signals, receiving information about the movements of blockade runners. On the 5th Commander Rogers of the *Tioga* heard that the little steamer *Ouachita* would try to get away through Chub Cut, a passage in the reefs at the west end, and succeeded in stopping

her. Two days afterward the *Gladiator* came out from St. George's, convoyed by H. M. S. *Desperate*. Stevens boarded her outside the marine limit, and while doing so he observed the *Harriet Pinckney* leaving the harbour. Finding the *Gladiator's* papers to be correct, he permitted her to proceed, and steered for the *Pinckney*, which promptly returned to port. The same night a steamer appeared in the offing, and the *Sonoma* prepared to speak her. She ran for the harbour, with lights extinguished, but was stopped by a shot across the bows. She proved to be the Royal Mail steamship *Merlin*.

That was the culminating incident of the "blockade." The Governor's temper had reached the breaking point. On October 10 he despatched H. M. S. *Plover* to notify Rogers that he must not communicate with shore except by special permission. The warning made no great impression on the two commanders, but they were obliged to depart on October 12, having barely more than enough coal to carry them to the New Providence Channel, and the worries of the blockade runners were lightened. In his final report to Secretary Welles, Wilkes characterised the Bermuda officials as "a pack of secessionists," who "were in hopes to get rid of us, but notwithstanding we procured all we wanted."

A strong remonstrance from the British government followed these incidents. Writing to William H. Seward, Secretary of State, Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Washington, said: "I am directed to express the regret of Her Majesty's government that Rear-Admiral Wilkes, who treats with contempt the lawful orders issued by the duly instigated authorities of the British Crown, should have been appointed to a command in which he could not fail to be brought into contact with those authorities."

It was asserted that Wilkes had offensively and unlawfully placed sentinels on British territory; that he had contemptuously evaded orders in regard to coal supplies; and that he had anchored his vessels in a position to control shipping, in addition to cruising in neutral waters in excess of his rights as a belligerent. Wilkes denied that he had tried to control shipping and said he had merely placed sentries at the foot of the gangway while his cruisers were coaling, to prevent the smuggling of liquor on board.

In one of his letters to Governor Ord, Wilkes, referring to the expression, "I have to inform you that the vessel (*Tioga*) cannot be permitted to return within these waters," replied in the following terms: "This I cannot permit; my government alone has the power of instructing me."

The British government objected to this language, but it was upheld by Secretary Seward, and the matter was dropped after an exchange of several notes.

Late in 1862 Major Norman Walker, a Virginian, took up his residence in Bermuda as political agent of the Confederacy, commercial transactions being left in the hands of John T. Bourne, a Bermudian. Major Walker's duties were to facilitate transportation of supplies, smooth the way for blockade runners, and to provide sufficient coal for their use, each vessel taking about one hundred and eighty tons every voyage. The task was not a light one, particularly that part which concerned the coal. The steamers could not burn with safety fuel which would give out a black smoke to reveal their presence to alert cruisers, and as the United States had prohibited the exportation of anthracite it was necessary to keep on hand a large supply of semi-bituminous Welsh coal. Without the assistance of the colliers the blockade runners would have been seriously crippled, for the fleet had grown to amazing proportions through the formation of English companies for the sole purpose of prosecuting the trade.

The craft they sent out were quickly and flimsily built of iron and, in a few cases, steel, at a low cost. Some were propelled by screws, the ma-

jority by paddle wheels; all were picturesquely rakish, with a low freeboard and a turtle-back deck forward, which enabled them to be driven at high speed in a seaway. They drew nine or ten feet of water, and could usually make fourteen knots when pressed, enough to outfoot the fastest cruiser. Their tonnage varied from one hundred to nine hundred, with crews in accordance with their size, the maximum number being fifty men.

Every conceivable precaution was taken to render the slippery vessels invisible at night. They were painted a dull lead colour and carried two low spars with a minimum of rigging and no yards, merely a crow's nest on the foremast for the look-out. Their boats were lowered to the level of the rail, and their funnels could be telescoped in case of emergency. Steam was blown off under water; not a light was displayed in dangerous waters; even the binnacle lamps were screened to all but the helmsman. In the poultry crates no cocks were allowed; such birds could not be trusted to keep silence when the smell of land floated seaward.

Practically all the steamers which ran out of Bermuda cleared for Nassau but went to Wilmington, N. C., — a comparatively easy port to enter, although guarded by a vigilant fleet. Dark nights — the darker the better — were chosen for the

voyage, which could usually be accomplished in sixty hours, if Federal cruisers did not lay chase. Outward cargoes consisted of artillery, rifles, and other munitions of war, billed as "hardware," and sometimes as military supplies; army boots, uniform cloth, medicines and a variety of foodstuffs. Returning, the vessels carried cotton and occasionally rosin and turpentine, as much as could be stowed under hatches and on deck. Invariably they were loaded to the danger line, and only superior seamanship brought them through the winter gales, particularly when they developed leaks under the excessive strain of heavy cargoes.

As soon as a new vessel arrived from England, Mr. Allen sent her description and name to Washington, whence all information was transmitted to the blockading squadrons. He also kept a record of the amount of coal imported by Major Walker. Surveillance, however, did not hamper the operations, neither did the numerous diplomatic protests forwarded to London from Washington. Great Britain maintained that there was nothing contrary to the law of nations in the transshipment of blockade-running cargoes, and put no obstacles in the way of the vessels. The United States was therefore unable to control the activities of the people at Liverpool, Bermuda, and Nassau, and the trade went merrily on. The com-

panies had reduced the business to a science, and so enormous were their profits that they were more than compensated if they lost a ship after she had made two successful voyages. There were losses, of course, about twenty steamers being captured or destroyed between Bermuda and Wilmington, but in the first three years the vessels made their voyages almost as regularly as mail boats. A rather unusual wreck was that of the *Vesta*, carrying nine passengers, including several Confederate naval officers. Her fate is thus recorded in the Richmond *Examiner* of January 20, 1864:

"This was the first trip of the *Vesta* from England. She was a double-screw steamer, perfect in all appointments, and commanded by Captain R. H. Eustace, an Englishman.

"The *Vesta* left Bermuda on the 3rd inst. For seven days she was chased over the seas by a number of Yankee cruisers, and succeeded in eluding them, and on the 10th made the coast in the vicinity of Wilmington. Being compelled to lay to, she was descried by a Yankee cruiser, which gave chase, and in half an hour eleven Yankee vessels were pouncing down upon the suddenly discovered prey. The *Vesta*, though apparently surrounded, ran the gauntlet in splendid style, through one of the most stirring scenes the war has yet witnessed on the water.

"Some of the cruisers attempted to cross her bows and cut her off, but she was too rapid for this manœuvre, and at half a mile's distance some of the cruisers opened their broadsides upon her, while five others in chase were constantly using their bow guns, exploding shells right over the decks of the devoted vessel. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and the vessel ran the gauntlet, raising her flag in defiance, suffering only from a single shot, which, though it passed amidships, above the waterline, happily escaped the machinery.

"But the trouble seems to have commenced with what the passengers anticipated to be the triumphant escape from their captors; for the captain and the first officer, Tickler, are reported to have become outrageously drunk after the affair was over and the night had fallen. It is said that the captain was asleep on the quarter-deck, stupefied with drink, when he should have put the ship on land; and that at two o'clock in the morning he directed the pilot to take the ship ashore, telling him that the ship was ten miles above Fort Fisher, when the fact was that she was about forty miles to the southward of the Fryingpan Shoals.

"Fifteen minutes afterwards the *Vesta* made land, the pilot having run her so far ashore that it was impossible to get her off. She was run aground at Little River Inlet; the passengers

landed in boats minus their baggage; and, although there were no cruisers in sight, and not the least occasion for precipitation, the vessel, with all her valuable cargo, was fired before daylight by order of Captain Eustace and burned to the water's edge. The cruisers did not get up to the wreck until two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, and they were attracted to it by the smoke from the conflagration.

"The cargo of the *Vesta* was of the most valuable description; three-fourths of it on government account, consisting of army supplies and including a very extensive lot of English shoes. There was also lost in the wreck a splendid uniform intended as a present to General Lee, from some of his admirers in London. Nothing of any account was saved."

Disasters from carelessness were not often recorded. On the whole the companies were admirably protected by the men they employed, the glittering bounties enabling them to get picked crews and the most resourceful pilots and captains. Of the latter the majority were Britishers, including officers of the Royal Navy on furlough, who succeeded under assumed names in screening their identity, even from the Bermudians.

The most famous of all the naval men was "Captain Roberts," afterward Hobart Pasha of the

Turkish Navy. He joined the *Don*, a twin-screw steamer, at St. George's and was *persona grata* at Government House whenever he returned to Bermuda. The American cruisers were ever on the alert for the *Don;* finally one of them got her — but not "Roberts." "The first remark of the boarding officer was: 'Well, Capt. Roberts, so we have caught you at last!' and he seemed much disappointed when he was told that the captain they so particularly wanted went home in the last mail." So relates "Roberts" in his little book, "Never Caught in Blockade Running." He did not keep his resolve to drop the business — it was too fascinating. In 1864 he was back again with a new ship, but after one lucrative trip an attack of yellow fever, contracted in Bermuda, put an end to his activities as a blockade runner. "Roberts" made seven voyages and once travelled through the Northern lines from Richmond to Washington, thence going to New York.

Among his naval associates who ran from Bermuda, with more or less success, were Murray (Admiral Murray-Aynsley in later years); Hugh Burgoyne, V. C., who lost his life in the sinking of the ironclad *Captain;* and Hewett, V. C., who died an admiral, after commanding the Queen's yacht. No one knew every member of the adventurous naval company.

Conspicuous among the merchant captains were the mysterious John Burroughs — a naval officer, some called him — master of the *Cornubia*, *North Heath*, *Gertrude*, and *Pavensey;* Coxetter of the *Herald*, who made his trips with surprising regularity; cool-headed J. W. Steele, of the *Banshee;* Peniston, who commanded the *Siren*, a nutshell of a steamer; and Robert C. Halpin, of the *Emily*, in later years captain of the *Great Eastern.*

While the Confederates compelled privately owned blockade runners to include in their cargoes cotton on government account, they also operated three or four vessels of their own and held an interest in several more. One of the vessels flying the Stars and Bars was the *Robert E. Lee*, whose master, John Wilkinson, an accomplished officer of the rebel navy, was extraordinarily successful in dodging the enemy. The *Lee* was called the *Giraffe* when Wilkinson bought her in England for $32,000. At the end of December, 1862, he took her into Wilmington, where she was transferred to the government and renamed. Under Wilkinson's command the *Lee* ran the blockade twenty-six times, bringing valuable cargoes to the Confederates and carrying abroad between 6000 and 7000 bales of cotton valued at about $2,000,000 in gold.

On July 16, 1863, while the *Lee* was lying in

St. George's Harbour, the Confederate cruiser *Florida* came in, with the *Wachusett* close on her heels. The *Florida* had sailed from Pernambuco early in May, taking many prizes, among them the ship *B. F. Hoxie*, bound from the west coast of Mexico to Falmouth, England, with a cargo of logwood and $105,000 in silver bars. The silver was transferred by bill of sale to the Confederate agent and sent to Liverpool by the British brig *Eagle*, and aboard the *Lee* were placed twenty-one chronometers, fourteen quadrants, four sextants, twenty-five compasses and other nautical instruments captured on the cruise, in addition to a quantity of tea and coffee, a donation from the *Florida's* crew to the Richmond hospitals.

Officers of the *Florida* and *Wachusett* studiously refrained from recognizing one another, but the crews fraternized in public houses with that degree of amiability which sailors can always assume. Maffitt, who commanded the *Florida*, carried out his intention of avoiding an engagement by going to sea, but before leaving he received the first and only salute tendered the Confederate flag in Bermuda. Anxious for the honour, he sounded the military commandant on the subject, and after learning that a salute of twenty-one guns would be returned he burned up his powder and received an answer, gun for gun,

the Confederate flag flying from the signal station at Fort George.

The *Florida* took so much coal that the *Lee* could get scarcely enough to carry her to Wilmington. Wilkinson, however, reached there safely, came out again with a full cargo, and was chased, circumstances having forced him to use an inferior quality of North Carolina coal, which smoked profusely but would not make steam. The *Lee* lost ground steadily, and it seemed as if she must be caught, so rapidly did her pursuer come up. As a last resort Wilkinson told his engineer to throw cotton saturated with turpentine into the furnaces, and through this device he escaped, bringing to Bermuda a large amount of Confederate gold. When he was detached from the *Lee* at the end of 1863, he apparently took her luck with him, and she fell into the hands of the Federals on her next voyage.

Bermuda saw the *Florida* twice again, in May and June of 1864. On her last visit Morris, to whom Maffit had relinquished command, effected repairs to the ship and obtained coal supplies and money necessary for a long cruise. Afterward she lay off the islands and boarded incoming vessels before resuming her famous voyage of destruction to Bahia. In the case of this vessel the Alabama Claims Tribunal held Great

Britain responsible for a violation of the neutrality laws.

A few months after Wilkinson left the *Lee* he went to Bermuda and took charge of the *Whisper*, a new steamer just out from England. In his "Narrative of a Blockade Runner" he relates that freights at this time had advanced to such a point that £500 sterling was charged for a small box of medicines which he stowed in his cabin, the only available place left for cargo. Within twenty-four hours after the *Whisper* sailed for Wilmington five other steamers took their departure for the same port. All met heavy weather and the *Whisper* was the only one to land her cargo; the others were either captured or driven ashore.

On October 29, 1864, Wilkinson left Wilmington with the *Chickamauga*, which was fitted out as a cruiser and manned by a crew of "dock rats" and other worthies. Under the name *Edith* she had previously run the blockade from the islands, but as the *Chickamauga* she received scant courtesy on her arrival there on November 7, with a record of having destroyed several American merchantmen. Protests from the American consul prevented Wilkinson from obtaining the coal he needed for a long cruise, with the result that he was forced back to Wilmington.

The Confederacy was fast losing ground; its armies were starving, and the services of the redoubtable Wilkinson were again called into play. He was told to take the *Tallahassee* to Bermuda and return with a cargo of provisions. He did not hesitate, but first he had to purge the ship of her aliases. The Bermudians knew her as the *Atlanta*, a blockade runner; the Confederate navy as the *Olustee* and *Tallahassee*, a cruiser. Wilkinson dismounted her guns, and she received the ironic yet appropriate name of *Chameleon*, with an elaborate set of merchant papers. Thoroughly "whitewashed," as they said at the time, she passed the scrutiny of the Bermuda authorities, obtained her cargo, and was off again to Wilmington. She actually lay under the guns of Fort Fisher, whose energetic commander, Col. William Lamb, "the guardian angel," had saved so many blockade runners from destruction, before Wilkinson discovered that the Federals were at last in control. He promptly turned the *Chameleon* around and ran out for the last time, going straight to Nassau. Maffitt of the *Owl* (the *Florida's* old commander) had a similar adventure and returned to St. George's, his sailing port. There were others, too, some of which were captured.

Bermuda had a visit late in 1864 from the no-

torious John C. Braine, whose manner of capturing vessels was that of the pirate. Braine and John Parker, whose real name was V. G. Locke, and a party of eight men, boarded the American mail steamer *Roanoke* as she was about to leave Havana for New York on September 29. They had tickets and passports and seemed to be genuine passengers. That night, at sea, Braine and his men, who proved to be Confederates, overpowered Captain Drew and the *Roanoke's* officers, the majority of whom were asleep in their berths, killed the carpenter by shooting, wounded the third engineer, and took possession of the ship. All of the company, excepting the firemen, were put in irons.

After rifling the ship's safe of $21,000 Braine laid a course for Bermuda. He anchored in Five Fathom Hole on the evening of October 4 and immediately went to St. George's in a pilot boat. Early next morning he returned with several men and took the *Roanoke* to sea. The following evening she came to anchor again and was boarded by another party of men, who brought information to the effect that a brig would come out with coal and provisions for the steamer. For the second time the *Roanoke* stood off to sea, returning again on the night of October 6, just as the brig *Village Girl* came out of port. October 7 was spent in

an effort to transport supplies from brig to steamer, Braine having arranged for another brig to take the passengers, forty in number, to Halifax. This vessel, the *Mathilde*, flying Danish colours, hove in sight that night, and received the *Roanoke's* passengers and crew, excepting three men, who were in irons.

It was Braine's plan to have the *Roanoke* navigated to Wilmington by a Captain Reid and R. E. N. Boggs, a Bermuda blockade runner, but the sea was so rough that it was impossible to accomplish the task of coaling, and the steamer lay in the anchorage on the evening of October 8, with only a few tons in her bunkers. Without coal the *Roanoke* was useless, and Braine knew that she would be detained if she entered a Bermuda harbour, because the American consul was already addressing protests to the Governor; so without any preliminaries the buccaneering skipper decided to set her afire and proceed to land in a boat. Boggs was aboard when the torch was applied, and in a moment of deviltry he thought for once in his life he would take a shot at what he termed a "live man." Standing before the saloon mirror, he aimed a bullet at the heart of his own reflection, shattering the glass into atoms. In a few minutes flames were leaping from the *Roanoke.*

Braine and his followers were taken into court, but upon producing commissions from the Confederate Government, said to have been manufactured over night, they were released after a perfunctory hearing, despite the protests of Consul Allen, who declared they had committed an act of piracy against his country. By a similar ruse Braine and other men, including Parker, had captured the steamer *Chesapeake* in December, 1863, off Cape Cod, taking her to Halifax, and escaping from the custody of the authorities. Braine was accounted a pirate by the United States and was arrested in New York in 1866, but the charges against him were never pressed.

A more sinister figure than Braine came to Bermuda from Halifax about the same time in the person of Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, who purported to be a physician of New Orleans. He was, by the way, an acquaintance of Braine. Yellow fever was then sweeping over the colony and devastating the crews of blockade runners. By asserting that he had a special knowledge of the disease, Blackburn was able to co-operate with the local physicians and sanitary officers, and he was extremely active in assisting all plans for checking the epidemic. He refused offers of a pecuniary nature, either for his services or for expenses he

incurred, and the people were genuinely sorry when he returned to Halifax at the end of a month. Little did they suspect that he was concerned in a diabolical plot to collect the clothing of fever patients for distribution in New York and other Northern cities during the coming summer.

Details of the affair reached Consul Allen in April, 1865, through a spy, who told a circumstantial story of the location of the clothing and its owner. Mr. Allen communicated with the health officer, and the matter was laid before the Corporation of St. George's. While the meeting was in progress, a member of the Corporation, who happened to be a strong Southern sympathiser and a traitor to his associates, signalled to a Confederate spy outside the window. That individual lost no time in notifying the guardian of the clothing, a man named Swan, that trouble was in the air. The suspicions of the Corporation were aroused by the peculiar actions of the traitorous member, and a committee was appointed to search the suspected house, which was reached at the moment Swan was preparing to burn the damaging articles.

The clothing consisted of blankets, sheets, underwear, handkerchiefs, stained with "black vomit"; a number of new garments, and many poultices, the latter being distributed with a view

of incubating the germs, if any existed. There were three trunks, one of which was labelled "St. Louis Hotel, Upper Town, Quebec"; another "Clifton House, Niagara Falls, Canada Side." At the request of Mr. Allen the clothing was taken to the quarantine station at Nonsuch Island and buried with a solution of oil of vitriol.

Swan was sent to jail for "harbouring a nuisance," but his employer had long since been out of the law's reach. The chain of evidence was too strong to absolve Blackburn. He had gathered and brought the clothing to the storage place and had hired the caretaker. So much was proved beyond a shadow of doubt. Whether he acted purely on his own initiative in a spirit of misguided patriotism, or whether he was a government tool, are points not entirely clear. In reporting the affair to Washington, Consul Allen said he believed that Dr. Blackburn's expenses had been paid with funds from the rebel treasury.

That so horrible a scheme should have received official approval seems hardly conceivable, yet Thomas E. Taylor, in his book, "Running the Blockade," cites an instance which shows that there were official hands willing to take up the desperate game. Taylor, famous for his exploits with *Banshee*, *Night Hawk*, and *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, says an "eminent Confederate military doctor pro-

posed to me during the prevalence of the yellow fever epidemic that he should ship by our boats to Nassau and Bermuda sundry cases of infected clothing, which were to be sent to the North with the idea of spreading the disease there. This was too much, and I shouted to him, not in the choicest of language, to leave the office." This incident probably took place at Wilmington, where "yellow jack" caused frightful mortality.

In view of the modern theory of yellow fever transmission, Blackburn's plan, or any other plan, might have proved abortive, even though the details had been carried out; but this can have no bearing on the atrocious motive.

The exposure of Blackburn and the *Owl's* return were the last exciting incidents of the war, so far as Bermuda was concerned. The fall of Wilmington was a stupefying blow to the Bermudians. Their faith in the ultimate success of the Confederacy had never been shaken; prosperity had blinded them to the palpable weaknesses of the South. But now they faced the abrupt ending of a business on which they had thrived for four years. The market for their large stocks of goods had disappeared overnight, and with it the picturesque fleet of blockade runners. Having played the game to the limit, ships and men deserted St. George's as rats desert a doomed ship,

and the townspeople were left to count their losses.

They were mostly losses. A few of the far-seeing merchants came out of the wreck with fattened bank accounts; the majority shouldered a burden of debt which took years to liquidate; and to this day you may find in St. George's traces of that financial demolition which came about when Wilmington was lost to the Confederacy.

The growth and extent of blockade running and its influence upon the imports and revenue are seen in the following tables:

VESSELS ENTERED AND CLEARED

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
Hamilton .	107	136	176	140	158	121
St. George's	80	84	138	247	367	143
Total . . .	187	220	314	387	525	264

GRAND TOTAL OF 1897 VESSELS IN THE YEARS OF THE WAR

Imports

1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
£152,887	£164,503	£238,932	£321,427	£371,084	£200,983
$764,435	$822,515	$1,194,660	$1,607,135	$1,855,420	$1,004,915

Revenue

1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
£11,210	£10,245	£13,135	£16,251	£19,642	£24,079
$56,050	$51,225	$65,675	$81,255	$98,210	$120,395

The colony derived no revenue from the immense consignments of munitions of war, pro-

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visions, medicine, clothing, and cotton landed there for transshipment, as all merchandise of this description came in bond and was not even subjected to a landing tax. Increase of taxable importations was due to the heavy demands for marketable goods made upon local merchants by blockade runners and by the natives who indulged in speculative ventures.

CHAPTER VIII

ORIGIN OF THE ISLANDS — CLIMATE AND CHARACTERISTICS

Countless ages ago the rugged crest of a huge submarine mountain, rising some fifteen thousand feet from the ocean floor, became the abode of myriads of lime-secreting corals which, in the course of a period only to be reckoned in terms of geology, strengthened, expanded, and raised the structure until at last there arose above tide-water numbers of sandy beaches composed of the shells of tiny dead mollusks, which had been ground into atoms by the waves after giving their lives, generation by generation, to the work of reef building. Then the winds took up the task, drifting these broken shells, whose substance was carbonate of lime, into sand dunes, which, as they grew in height and became hills, were bound together and converted into rock through chemical action superinduced by the percolation of rain water.

By this process was evolved the Bermudas, a series of æolian or wind-built limestone islands, with hills and valleys and water spaces, the whole covering the greater part of the area enclosed

within the existing outer barrier reef or coral atoll. As the islands grew older they were covered by red soil — the residue of decomposed limestone — and to this migrating birds and ocean currents brought their tribute of seeds. A mantle of vegetation crept over the country to beautify and increase its fertility, but it was decreed that the islands should not remain inviolate. As the ages rolled by much of the land disappeared beneath water, and when the period of subsidence ceased there was left only a remnant — the Bermudas substantially as we see them to-day, 19⅓ square miles or about 12,373 acres.

The group takes the form of a fish hook, St. George's Island at the east end forming the beginning of the shaft, Ireland Island at the west representing the curve. On all sides lie the reefs, a closely-knit, formidable barrier of rock — the most northerly coral structure in the world. It assumes the appearance of an ellipse, with the axis running from northeast to southwest, and is about twenty-two miles long and eleven broad in its widest spot. On the south or weather side the breakers follow the shore line at a distance of a few hundred yards; on the north side they stand out seven miles or more from land, with North Rock, a gaunt vestige of ancient Bermuda, as the most prominent feature. Not until the navigator

arrives off the eastern extremity does he find the one surveyed and buoyed passage giving access to the coral belt. Through this he must pass in order to reach any anchorage or harbor. The reefs therefore serve two purposes: they afford protection against ocean's ravages and form a natural line of submarine defences.

Full advantage has been taken of the hydrographic characteristics in planning the fortifications, for it must be remembered that Bermuda is the strategic centre of the North America and West Indies station, and as such an important link in the British Empire's chain of military strongholds. The tortuous Main Ship Channel — the passage mentioned above — is practically impassable at night and is commanded throughout its length of two miles by the guns of several forts on St. George's and St. David's Islands. The town of St. George's lies over the hills, hidden within the fish hook is the dockyard at Ireland Island, twelve miles up the north side; while across the Great Sound from the dockyard is Hamilton, the capital, and its harbour, even more safely ensconced. To assail these places would not be an easy task, if a defending fleet were at hand.

But what of Bermuda itself? First the mind should be disabused of a common and ill-founded

fallacy. Bermuda has no geographical connection with the West Indies. It lies in the latitude of Charleston, South Carolina, far above the tropical zone, the exact bearings of the dockyard being lat. 32° 19′ north, long. 64° 49′ west. The distance between New York and Bermuda, counting from dock to dock, is 700 nautical miles; from Sandy Hook, where the voyage begins, to St. David's Head 666 miles intervene. Halifax, N. S., is about 736 nautical miles from the group; Cape Hatteras, the nearest point of the continent, is 568 miles distant.

It cannot be denied that the Bermuda voyage has its discomforts, particularly if the Gulf Stream, whose southern edge is 293 miles from the islands, be churned to anger. But without this strange body of warm water to take the sting from the winter gales Bermuda would be unable to boast of a sub-tropical climate which suffers no extremes or sudden changes of temperature. In winter the mercury ranges about 68 degrees and seldom falls below 50; in summer it rarely climbs above 86 in the shade, the average mean temperature for the year being about 70 degrees. The rainfall is heavy and generally distributed, but the porous soil is nothing more than a huge sponge which soaks up water so rapidly that all traces of a downpour are removed within

a few hours. While the climate is not suitable in all respects to persons with weak lungs, neither fog nor frost occurs, and the extreme purity of the sea air, in combination with the sun, is a gentle antidote to over-stimulation of the nervous system. Individuals who suffer from nervous disorders and heart affections, and convalescents from surgical operations and acute diseases, regain health and strength rapidly in Bermuda.

Meteorological conditions on the Atlantic seaboard naturally influence the winter and spring weather. October, November, and December are usually delightful months; in January, February, and March the weather becomes cooler and there are dry, bracing periods in which light overcoats, blankets, and occasional open fires are comforts not to be despised. April, May, and June are wonderfully calm and pleasant, and then come the southern breezes of summer. The heat of July, August, and September is relieved by frequent showers, and though the sun beats down with surprising intensity, causing a dazzling glare from the white roads and houses, summer temperatures actually do not reach the heights which New York experiences.

Withal the climate is healthy, none is more so — a statement that is made without reserve. Perhaps its best recommendation is the longevity of

the people. That fact speaks not for the climate alone, but for the environment in which their lives are spent. Theirs is a land of perpetual delight to the eye, a little world unto itself, law-abiding, peaceful, breeding contentment and hospitality. Its pleasures are the joys of out of doors; its keynote of life, simplicity. Why wonder if the 'Mudians live long and "die of nothing in particular," as they say themselves?

Bermuda is a miniature as to colour and form. Its highest hill is but 260 feet above sea level, its lowest island is a water-washed rock. A popular tradition holds that the islands number 365, one for every day in the year; actually, there are not more than 150, a comparatively few of which are inhabited. Their setting is a sea as changeable as the opal, and so transparent that twenty feet below its surface the eye may follow the coral world and its denizens. Over the white bottom, near the shore the water is shaded into delicate greens; over the shoals it assumes brownish hues; beyond the reefs it varies from bright blue, the blue of sapphire, to deep green. Scarcely for a moment is its colour fixed; a ruffling of the surface, a shadow, a different slant of sunlight — each is sufficient to deepen or brighten the tone, so rapid is the prismatic play.

All the colour is not on the surface. Look be-

neath, through the glass bottom of your boat, as it drifts idly over the submarine gardens. Tall black rods and purple sea fans, having root in the sandy floor, rise upward and wave gracefully in the tide, like tree ferns swept by mild zephyrs. Weeds of many colours, scarlet and green sponges, clusters and sprays of white coral, spiny sea eggs, bulky sea puddings — the Chinaman's delicacy — are scattered about promiscuously, and to ledges of rock, coated sometimes in pink, cling brilliant anemones and more strange weeds, delicate alike in shade and texture.

There is constant play of fishes. The spotted moray coils its length in a coral cavity to watch its prey; grey snappers lurk in the shade of an overhanging shoal; the fishing fish, motionless beside the scarlet sponge, of which it seems a part, sets its baited rod above its mouth to lure harmless shrimps. Gorgeous parrot fishes; angels, fringed with gold; jaunty sergeant majors, bearing stripes of rank; dainty four eyes, red squirrels, white and yellow grunts, schools of silvery fry pass in review, and occasionally, if hunger be pressing, the octopus, ever ready to baffle an enemy by changing colour, is seen to spread its repulsive tentacles for the unwary crab. It is all very unique, and deceptive, too, for the transparency of the water makes every living object seem almost at arm's length.

By contrast the beauties of the country are none the less alluring. Grandeur of mountain scenery is absent, rivers and lakes have no place in the ensemble, but the undulating land is ever changing in its aspect, romantic in its whimsical vistas. The larger inhabited islands are from one to three miles in width, terminating on their ocean sides in abrupt cliffs, undermined by the surf, curiously eroded, carved into fantastic columns, cloisters and arches, like the ruins of ancient shrines — breeding places, be it said, of the shy tropic bird or longtail.

Less precipitous is the shore line of the sheltered sounds and bays, studded with dainty islets, broken by sandy coves, or fringed with dense thickets of mangrove. Here the water is calm and glass-like, a crystal mirror, reflecting faithfully the panorama of hill and dale, so richly clad in sub-tropical vegetation. The cedar or juniper is the most conspicuous and useful tree. Without it Bermuda would be barren and uninhabitable. It attracts the rain, catches the salt spray that accompanies the gales, protects the farmer's " patches " of productive soil. It is, moreover, a durable and ornamental wood, excellent for building purposes and those of the craftsman.

From an artistic viewpoint the cedar's dark, thick foliage is merely a background for brighter,

more diversified flora. Bermuda justly earns its title, "Land of the Lily and the Rose." It is a wild flower garden at all seasons, supporting not only tropical trees and shrubs, but many from temperate climes, excepting those which require the resting period of frost. From January until May rose borders are abloom; at Eastertide the far-famed lily carpets the ground by acres and perfumes the air — an emblem of purity, serene and fair, a pleasing substitute for snow. April sees the oleander arrayed in pink and crimson, a riotous and splendid growth, sending its roots deep into the rock. The hedges, twenty feet high, serve as wind breaks, and hold their blossoms for nine months. A worthy rival of the oleander is the showy hibiscus, of which there are many varieties, all prolific in bloom.

There is no end to the flowers. Morning glory drapes its purple bells over cedars, wild passion vines trail across the rocks; wherever there is moisture and a handful of soil the life plant sends up shoots laden with "floppers." Pin a leaf against a wall, watch it sprout, and cease to wonder why the word "life" is applied to this little plant. Lantana, topped with yellow and red, grows side by side with fennel and the native sage bush; in pockets of sand, hard by the water, sea lavender, sea marigold, and prickly pear find nourishment.

There are hedges of Spanish bayonet, formidable as chevaux-de-frise, hedges of acalypha (match-me-if-you-can), and flowering pomegranate; clumps of broad-leaved bananas, groups of palmetto, an indigenous palm, out of whose rustling leaves hats are made. Avocado pears and seaside grape trees (not vines) are numerous enough to attract attention; and any man's property are the fiddlewood, mulberry, pride of India, pigeon berry, American aloe, and curious pawpaw, with its summit crowned by golden fruit, a remedy for indigestion. In the glades silk spiders weave, and birds of bright plumage, harmonising with the flowers, make sport. The cardinal's cheerful call is the daybreak signal, and in the morning chorus there are notes of bluebird, ground dove, chick-of-the-village, goldfinch, and catbird. There are no snakes, and if insects are numerous the only one to be feared is the centipede, whose bite is easily cured.

When the colonists turned their tribal paths, winding over and among the hills, into highways, they dug into the solid white rock, as engineers cut a bed for steel rails, creating a road system that has peculiar features. One minute you may be on a level stretch, beside the sea; the next may carry you through a deep cutting with cedars meeting overhead in a natural bower to shade the

maidenhair fern that clings to damp crevices of the walls. There are not six places in the islands where you can gaze ahead on the road for five hundred yards; thus you meet unexpected pictures, generally including glimpses of water, at every turn.

The freeholds are partitioned by stone walls, between which on hillside and in valley are pockets of brick-red soil, the "patches" of onions, potatoes, arrowroot, celery, lilies, and parsley. The green of the standing crops is a relief after the sombre cedar, and at the end of harvest it is supplanted by golden sprays of wild mustard, effective while they last and a contrast to the dominating reds of the flowers. Cottages stand half hidden among the cedars, and as likely as not you will find near-by quarries from which builders took the stone for them. If anything causes the stranger to pause, it is a quarry where men are chiselling out big square blocks, while others, with heavy hand saws, are cutting the stone into building sizes and roof slate. The stone is nothing more than a matrix of broken shells, and one wonders how a substance soft as cheese can be used for building purposes. But there is no secret in utilising it. Exposure to air is sufficient to harden the stone, and it will last indefinitely. The majority of Bermuda houses are from fifty to one

hundred and fifty years old, and more solid than the day they were occupied. Construction of wooden buildings is forbidden within town limits; probably there are not more than a dozen excepting military structures in the colony. As the stone successfully resists heat, destructive fires are virtually eliminated.

Mark Twain once said of the Bermuda house: "It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake and has the same unemphasised and scarcely perceptible polish." That description will probably hold for all time. The white stone is eminently suited to the climate. It is cheap, makes a substantial, cool, dry house, and no material could be cleaner. There is nothing strikingly beautiful about the houses, but they seem to fit into their surroundings. The Bermudian of older days was a shipwright, not an architect. He introduced shipbuilding ideas into the construction of his houses and churches, locking the cedar beams into the masonry as if he intended they should resist the battering of waves; building big chimneys and stone porches. He looked for comfort rather than beauty and developed his house in accordance with the means at his disposal. He never went above two stories, always made a sloping roof to catch rain water for household uses, and added a verandah if he could afford it. He believed in

plenty of windows, to which he affixed green blinds that pushed outward, thus assuring better protection from the sun than any awning could give. Generally speaking, he created a comfortable dwelling. On his voyages abroad he procured trees and plants for his domain, this being the way in which Bermuda gained many foreign growths that are now common. Every house has its garden, and nearly every garden has a tree or shrub that somebody's grandfather brought from the West Indies, or perhaps it was the Mediterranean or Brazil.

CHAPTER IX

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

Washington Irving, sailing past the Bermudas on a peaceful day, could hardly realise those islands as "the still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare, "once the dread of mariners, and infamous in the narratives of the early discoverers for the dangers and disasters which beset them." In his "Knickerbocker Miscellanies" Irving describes the wreck of Sir George Somers, not very accurately, to be sure, and tells the amusing story of "The Three Kings of Bermuda and Their Treasure of Ambergris." He surmises that the story of the shipwreck and subsequent events on the lonely islands may have furnished Shakespeare with some of the elements of his drama of "The Tempest," saying finally:

"But above all, in the three fugitive vagabonds who remained in possession of the island of Bermuda, on the departure of their comrades, and in their squabbles about supremacy, on the finding of their treasure, I see typified Sebastian, Trinculo, and their worthy companion Caliban. . . . I do not mean to hold up the incidents and characters in the narrative and in the play as parallel,

or as being strikingly similar: neither would I insinuate that the narrative suggested the play; I would only suppose that Shakespeare, being occupied about that time on the drama of the 'Tempest,' the main story of which, I believe, is of Italian origin, had many of the fanciful ideas of it suggested to his mind by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the 'still vext Bermoothes,' and by the popular superstitions connected with these islands, and suddenly put in circulation by that event."

It would be unseemly for an humble writer to enter the long-standing controversy over the origin of "The Tempest," or to attempt to prove that Shakespeare must have had knowledge of the picturesque tracts written by Jordan and Strachy, but one may quote Lefroy without apology:

"The question whether Shakespeare had the Isla de Demonios in view in writing the 'Tempest' can scarcely be passed over in treating of the Bermudas. That the play does not contain a single plain allusion, and very few phrases, which, taken apart from their context, have a local colour, is very apparent. The flight of his fancy also divided 'the still vexed Bermoothes' from the island of Prospero by perhaps an imaginary severance; but it was in his time believed that the

true Bermudas were another group not now to be found; and not only are the early accounts very imperfectly descriptive, but it is also obvious that to look for attention to details in such a flight of glorious invention would be dull in the last degree. Malone was assuredly right in considering the circumstances attending the storm by which Sir George Somers was wrecked as having suggested the title and some of the incidents of the play."

Lefroy quotes two passages which, he asserts, go far to prove that William Strachy's narrative, published before the drama's appearance, was the one the poet had before him. As Lefroy indicates, Strachy's description of "clamours drowned in the winds and the winds in thunder," might readily have suggested these lines:

"... Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not ...
The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake."

The second passage is plainly an allusion to St. Elmo's Fire, which Somers called his shipmates to observe:

"I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin

I flamed amazement: sometimes I 'd divide
And burn in many places: on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join."

There is also a little touch of submarine Bermuda in the sea-dirge of the airy spirit Ariel:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are the pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong bell."

We may leave "The Tempest" with a quotation from Kipling, who knows his Bermuda almost as well as other corners of the Empire. Writing to the *Spectator* in 1898, he said:

"May I cite Malone's suggestion connecting the play with the casting away of Sir George Somers on the island of Bermuda in 1609; and further may I be allowed to say how it seems to me possible that the vision was woven from the most prosaic material, — from nothing more promising, in fact, than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre? . . . Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original information that those who go to-day

to a certain beach [1] some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II. Scene 2 of 'The Tempest,' — a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid'). There is no other cave for some two miles. 'Here 's neither bush nor shrub'; one is exposed to the wrath of 'yond same black cloud,' and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all."

Edmund Waller's name has been associated with Bermuda through his "Battel of the Summer Islands," published in 1645, but there is no record to reveal his presence in the islands, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary. The name Waller occurs frequently in Bermuda history, and there is a little promontory on St. David's Island called Waller's Point, where a gold ring bearing the initials E. W. was picked up by a roving boy, but such slender evidence is insufficient to prove

[1] Possibly Kipling had Spanish Point in mind.

that the poet stopped in Bermuda at the time of his exile from England. Lefroy states positively that Waller was never there and brings proof to support his assertion.

The "Battel of the Summer Islands" relates the incidents of a gory fight between two whales and a nation, and the fruitfulness of Bermuda is glowingly pictured in the first canto. Waller was right in speaking of cedar beams of houses and liquor made from palmettoes, but when he sang of taming savages he drew upon his imagination; Bermuda never had an aboriginal inhabitant. Lines from the first canto are herewith appended:

"Bermuda wall'd with rocks, who does not know
That happy island, where huge lemons grow;
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The Hisperian garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergreece is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,
The Prince of trees! is fewel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn;
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadows of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carowsing where their liquor grows.

Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons ev'ry year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things which they
To English landlords, as their tribute pay,
Such is the mould that the blest tenants feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds:
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worn:
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits, and blossoms, on the same trees live:
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime;
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first!

. . . . . .

Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plaintain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,

None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
That tunes my lute, and winds the strings so high;
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I 'll make the list'ning savages grow tame."

Another literary production, that of Andrew Marvel, has no historical basis so far as Bermuda is concerned. The islands attracted but three prominent Puritans, who probably did not flee from "prelates' rage"; nevertheless, Marvel's beautiful "Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda" has a high place in English literature. It is given here in full:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening waves received this song: —
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!
Where He the huge sea monsters racks
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage?
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air,

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which thence perhaps resounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'
Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

The true poet of Bermuda is Thomas Moore, that humorous, sentimental Irishman, the poet of Erin, too. Tom Moore came to the islands from Norfolk, Va., by the *Driver*, a Bermuda-built sloop of war, in January, 1804, to fill the rather prosaic post of Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty.

"Oh, what a tempest whirl'd us hither," he wrote to George Morgan, an attaché of the British Consulate at Norfolk, by way of describing his stormy voyage, and then,

"'But bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health!

"'Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
That now beneath my window lies,
You 'd think, that Nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sun-beam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep!

"'The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems!

Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
So pictured o'er the waters lie
That every languid bark appears
To float along a burning sky!"

Moore soon became enamoured of Bermuda. It was no great task for him to sing its praises; he wrote of the things as he saw them — wooded islets, limpid water, graceful boats, white cottages, which, said he, "assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples." His descriptive pictures were remarkably faithful — what could be more so than his verses to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegall?

"Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime!

"The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plantain shades, that like an awning twined

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seemed to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount."

Though Moore lived at St. George's, he spent many idle hours at Walsingham House, the home of the Trott family, charmingly situated on the banks of a quiet pool, whose waters still reflect the outlines of this historic dwelling. And, if a winding path among the curious grottoes be followed, you will come to that ancient calabash tree under whose branches the poet sat and dreamed and wrote.

"Last night, when we came from the calabash tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play;
And, oh! such a vision as haunted me then
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle."

So run the lines to Joseph Atkinson.

But it was not romantic scenery alone which tempted Moore's poetic fancy, as his "Odes to Nea" bear witness. In one of these he pleads:

"Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!"

Moore's boyish heart — he was only twenty-five — was touched, as some believed, or perhaps merely fluttered, by Nea — Hester Louisa Tucker, the fascinating young wife of William Tucker of St. George's. The poet said that the ideal Nea of his odes was made out of two "real ones"; nevertheless, his harmless attentions to Mrs. Tucker succeeded in arousing the jealousy of her

husband, and it is related of the latter that he religiously excluded his rival's works from his house. But the genial, warm-blooded Irishman bore no malice. if one may draw conclusions from this rhyme:

"Well — peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd!
And thou — when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say —
Oh! think of the past — give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!"

The alley of limes has disappeared and Nea's childhood home is now a crumbling ruin, but time has served to heighten the memories of Moore's sojourn, all too brief, as it was. In April he left not for the West Indies but New York, having become thoroughly disgusted with his office, which

gave him a pittance instead of the handsome income he had expected. Unfortunately, he placed his affairs in the hands of a dishonest deputy, who embezzled several thousand pounds, for which the poet became responsible in 1818. Fear of imprisonment kept him out of England for two years, but the matter was compromised and Moore actually retained the office of registrar until 1844, the authorities then concluding that forty years of continued absence from Bermuda was sufficient reason for them to supersede him.

In the autumn of 1858 Anthony Trollope was sent to the West Indies to "cleanse the Augean stables of our post office system there," he relates in his autobiography. He ended his tour of duty with a brief visit to Bermuda, a description of which appears in "The West Indies and the Spanish Main."

"Looking back at my fortnight's sojourn there," he writes, "it seems to me that there can be no place in the world as to which there can be less to be said than there is about this island — sayings at least of the sort in which it is my nature to express itself."

Trollope disliked the food and climate; he complained reasonably about the backwardness of agriculture, despite the opportunities afforded planters, the islands having "many gifts of na-

ture to recommend them." He found Bermuda poor. "Perhaps, I should add," he remarks, "that on the whole she is contented with her poverty. And if so, why disturb such contentment? . . . The sleepiness of the people appeared to me the most prevailing characteristic of the place. . . . To say that they live for eating and drinking would be to wrong them. They want the energy for the gratification of such vicious tastes. To live and die would seem to be enough for them. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture, nurtured on the same food, and enjoying the same immunity from the dangers of excitement."

Rather an uncomplimentary characterisation, but the Bermudians, on their part, regarded Trollope as an erratic individual who was more fond of sea-baths than hard work; and perhaps they neglected to welcome him with their usual warmth. However, he could not escape certain of Bermuda's charms. He liked the water and the "singular way in which the land is broken up into narrow necks, islands, and promontories, running here and there in a capricious, half-mysterious manner. . . . But it is mostly the beauty of the sea and not of the land. The islands are flat, or at any rate there is no consider-

able elevation in them. They are covered throughout with those scrubby little trees [cedars] and although the trees are green and, therefore, when seen from the sea, give a freshness to the landscape, they are uninteresting and monotonous on shore. I must not forget the oleanders. . . . The Bermudas might almost be called the oleander isles."

More appreciative accounts have come from the pens of such well-known American authors as the late Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and William Dean Howells, all of whom found delight in the oddities of the "Summer Islands." Mark Twain's first impressions were obtained in 1867, when the steamer *Quaker City* was nearing the end of that memorable voyage described in "The Innocents Abroad." "A few days among the breezy groves," he wrote, "the flower gardens, the coral caves, and the lovely vistas of blue water that went curving in and out, disappearing and anon again appearing through jungle walls of brilliant foliage, restored the energies dulled by long drowsing on the ocean, and fitted us for our final cruise — our little run of a thousand miles to New York — America — home."

Again, in 1877, Mark Twain found Bermuda the "tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too. . . . Bermuda is the right coun-

try for a jaded man to 'loaf' in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into one's body and bones and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair." ("Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion," *Atlantic Monthly*.) Many times after that was written did Mark Twain give "his conscience a rest," by "loafing" in the warm sunlight of Bermuda.

It was in 1894 that Charles Dudley Warner recorded his sympathetic observations in *Harper's Magazine*, saying in the course of a long article: "The honoured descendants of the early mariners and adventurers, who live here as their family generations here lived, with not much to mark their lives, and commonly not an inscription to mark their resting place in the whitewashed tombs in the flower-grown, or sea-lapped, peaceful churchyards — these people in their white bungalows amid semi-tropical gardens are perhaps as contented as any in the world, and as little disturbed by the fluctuations of modern life."

"What will be said to you when you tell that in the Summer Islands one has but to saw a hole in his backyard and take out a house of soft, creamy sandstone and set it up, and go to living in it?" asked Howells. "What, when you relate that

among the northern and southern evergreens there are deciduous trees which, in a clime where there is no fall or spring, simply drop their leaves when they are tired of keeping them on, and put out others when they feel like it? What, when you pretend that in the absence of serpents there are centipedes a span long, and spiders the bigness of bats, and mosquitoes that sweetly sing in the drowsing air, but bite not; or that there are swamps but no streams, and in the marshes stand mangrove trees whose branches grow downwards into the ooze, as if they wished to get back into the earth and pull in after them the holes they emerge from." (*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1901.)

En passant one cannot forget that the late John B. Tabb (Father Tabb, poet and teacher) paid several visits to Bermuda while serving as captain's clerk in the blockade runner *Robert E. Lee*, commanded by John Wilkinson, C. S. N., one of the most successful of all men engaged in supplying the Confederates with munitions of war.

CHAPTER X

POINTS OF INTEREST

Having no railroads, the Bermudians must necessarily depend upon horse-drawn vehicles for their transportation requirements, and they have not overlooked the economic importance of good highways. The roads are macadamized with crushed limestone and present a smooth, almost slippery surface, having in many instances concrete gutters to carry off the rainfall; but owing to steep grades and sharp turns and the restricted area of the group, it was deemed advisable in 1908 to prohibit the use of motor cars, after a trial lasting several months. A restricted motor 'bus service for mails and passengers or an electric trolley road may, however, be established within a few years, as the necessities of the colony seem to demand a more rapid mode of transit.

It is possible to drive from one end of Bermuda to the other without ferrying. St. George's is joined to the Main or Bermuda proper by a causeway nearly two miles long; from the Main a succession of bridges leads to Somerset, Watford, Boaz, and Ireland Islands, thus completing a continuous roadway of some twenty-odd miles. Par-

allel and intersecting roads enable one to visit almost every point of interest by carriage. For the sake of simplicity the different localities are set down under separate headings.

Ireland, Boaz, and Watford

These islands, reached by steam ferry from Hamilton, as well as by road, are devoted to the uses of the Imperial Government, and are places of activity when the fleet is on the station in winter. The trip across the Great Sound and Grassy Bay occupies about forty minutes. Long ago Boaz was the convict headquarters, but now, like Watford, it is simply a military station. The dockyard at Ireland is typically British and seems more a part of old England than Bermuda. Its limestone machine shops and storehouses, erected by convict labour, are substantial and almost imposing. In a niche of one building hangs a bell supposed to have belonged to H. M. S. *Shannon*, and damaged in her engagement with the United States frigate *Chesapeake* off Boston, June 1, 1813. Within the Cambre, an artificial basin, is anchored a floating dock capable of lifting 17,500 tons, — one of the largest and most powerful of its kind. It was built in England, and towed out in 1902 to supersede the old dock, which now lies, a corroding

wreck, at Spanish Point. The naval hospital, sailors' home, and the cemetery are worth visiting. From time to time immense sums of money have been expended on the dockyard; between 1902 and 1906 extensive alterations changed the whole aspect of the works and completely modernised the station.

To Ireland and to a small islet named Cross on its southern shore is attached a legend of buried treasure, which was supposed to have been hidden by shipwrecked Spaniards before Bermuda was settled. In 1691 one Thomas Neale of the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, county of Middlesex, received by letters patent from King William and Queen Mary the right to "all Treasure Trove and all Treasure of what nature or kind soever formerly hidden in the ground or elsewhere in which none of our subjects have property in the Little Island called Ireland nere the Island of Bermudas in America or in other of the islands or islets . . . always reserving unto Our Soveraigne Lord and Lady King William and Queen Mary their heirs and successors One full Fifth part of all such Treasure Trove"; but if Neale or any one else recovered the spoil they kept their counsel. Several affidavits taken in 1693 speak of the discourses of "old standers," who recalled a triangular heap of stones on Ireland

and a yellow wood tree, to which an engraved brass plate was affixed; also, a wooden cross on Cross Island, with one arm pointing toward Spanish Point, on the Main, the other toward the mysterious stone pile. In these documents, too, are related traditional tales of how the treasure was buried, and how ancient and credible inhabitants had seen phantom ships sail about Cross Island and "fire drakes" alight upon it. All of which may have had some foundation in fact.

Somerset

The greater part of Sandys Parish, named after Sir Edwin Sands, one of the original adventurers and absentee landowners, is included within Somerset, reached by the same ferry which runs to Ireland. The boat passes through the Watford swing bridge and makes a landing in Mangrove Bay, near which Captain Ord's powder foraging ships anchored. This inlet, with its group of rocks in the centre and its broken point of land jutting northward on the west shore, is one of many for which the island is famed throughout the colony. Near by is Long Bay, an extensive stretch of coralline sand facing the ocean and ending at Daniel's Head, which, with its island, is virtually land's end. Somerset is largely an agricultural community, but fishermen, pilots,

and persons connected with the naval establishment live there. Near the main road stands the parish church, St. James's, built in 1789 on the site of an edifice which had been partly destroyed by a gale. It has several memorials, and an organ built in accordance with specifications furnished by a convict. The road leads through farm land until it reaches the little bridge that connects the Main. In the centre of the bridge is an oddity in the form of a trap door, which when raised gives room for the masts of fishing boats passing from the Great Sound to Ely's Harbour, where stand the Cathedral Rocks, perhaps the most striking example of erosion in Bermuda. This achievement of wind and water should not be missed. Profitable hours may be spent in exploring the islands and bays of the beautiful harbour, which is partly enclosed by an arm of land on which stands Wreck Hill, looking out upon the southwest breakers, the graveyard of many fine ships.

Southampton

Below that part of Sandys which lies on the Main is Southampton, in which the Earl of Southampton held land, hence the name. The north road follows the shore of the Little Sound to a point near Jew's Bay, where a spur climbs inland to Gibb's Hill Lighthouse. The view from the

lighthouse gallery, three hundred and sixty-two feet above high water, is a superb panorama. Bermuda, all save the eastern parishes, lies at your feet. Mentally, you make a topographic survey. The eyes sweep across the low islands sprawling in disorderly array about the Great Sound to the dockyard, to Somerset, to the fringe of breakers; thence backward over the hills and valleys of Southampton, Warwick, and Paget, where the roads wind like white ribbons, and cottage roofs break through the cedars, resting finally upon the city of Hamilton and its heights. No view gives a better idea of the Bermuda archipelago. The lighthouse is a symmetrical iron tower resting on a concrete base, the height of the gallery being 105 feet 9 inches. It is a revolving flashlight, burning oil, with an illuminating power of 99,930 candles, visible twenty-seven miles in clear weather. It was first lighted on May 1, 1846, and a new lantern was installed in 1904. A visit to Southampton is not complete without a detour from the north to the south longitudinal road, beginning at the parish church of St. Ann's, by the sea, the locality being called Port Royal. Services are held to the accompaniment of the ocean surge, which is never subdued.

A story told about a former rector of St. Ann's illustrates the character of the old seafarers here-

abouts. Not a few Bermuda captains rested under the suspicion of being pirates, and when the trade of piracy lost its glory they took to the next best thing — wrecking. "Lame ducks," as the people called distressed vessels, were welcome visitors, and when one made a dangerous landfall and drifted over the reefs she was quickly surrounded by whale-boats and gigs, whose crews revelled in the prospect of salvage. Many an unfortunate skipper saved ship and cargo only to lose both in satisfying the claims of wreckers, and thus Bermuda acquired an unsavoury reputation among mariners. To this day the signal denoting a ship passing the islands is known as the "starvation flag," although wrecking long ago ceased to be a lucrative occupation. But to return to the rector. He was preaching fervently one stormy Sunday when a man entered St. Ann's and whispered in the ears of several members of the congregation, who promptly reached for their hats. It did not take the rector long to descry signs of uneasiness, and he paused to ask: "John Smith, what are you saying to these people?"

"Parson," was the reply, "there 's a ship on the southwest breakers."

Sabbath piety, as the rector knew, must disappear under the circumstances, and he remarked impressively: "The congregation will remain

seated until I take off my surplice, and then, boys, we 'll all start fair."

Warwick

The Earl of Warwick gave his name to this parish, which contains fertile, undulating land, luxuriant vegetation, and a variety of scenery. A walk or drive should be taken along the south shore when a heavy swell is beating against the barrier reef, sending torrents of spray across the wild rocks and promontories. The Atlantic has left deep scars here for two miles or more, and such inlets as Sinky Bay, an elliptical rim of sand guarded by brown cliffs, are not likely to be passed by photographer and artist. Deep valleys on one side and bold cliffs on the other characterise Warwick Camp, where Tommy Atkins learns to shoot, deploy, and take cover, but in traversing this region signboards that mark the stray-bullet area should be heeded. The Khyber Pass, the deepest artificial cañon in Bermuda, should not be missed while taking the cross roads north again to the Presbyterian Church. The kirk was built in 1719, but the congregation existed long before that date and is supposed to be the oldest of the Presbyterian denomination in any British colony. A mural tablet commemorates the services held by George Whitefield, a noted English evangelist,

in 1748, and the box pulpit from which he preached is preserved. Near by is St. Mary's, the parish church, erected in 1832. The splendid course of the Riddle's Bay Golf and Country Club is in Warwick, a fast motor boat carrying the players from Hamilton to the links. Salt Kettle Ferry also connects Hamilton and Warwick.

Paget

Lord Paget was responsible for the name of this parish, a favourite residential district, having fine estates with large houses and well-kept gardens, filled with rare plants and flowers. The north shore is the southern boundary of Hamilton Harbour, crossed by steam ferry. From the water's edge and heights at the back an unexcelled panoramic view of Hamilton is obtained. Paget, like Warwick, is thickly wooded, and the vegetation is luxuriant. A favourite drive starts at the north road and passes the parish church, St. Paul's, the oldest portion of which dates back to 1796, eventually reaching Elbow Bay, on the south shore, to which bathers resort. But the Sand Hills may prove more attractive to a stranger. One sees in these high mounds exactly the process by which all of Bermuda's hills were built. For a half mile or more inshore the fine shell sand has been drifted as the wind drifts

snow, covering undergrowth and trees, and in one instance burying a house until only the chimney remains in sight. Trailing seaside vines and bushes have bound the dunes successfully, and now the destructive encroachment of sand is halted, perhaps permanently. If the drift does not become active again, the mounds will probably harden into rock, showing the irregular stratification that is found everywhere. Farther down the coast is Hungry Bay, solitary, weird, fascinating. The boilers or coral atolls, circular cups of frothing water, stand in close to shore, and on wild days the tumble and break of the sea is inspiring. In the eastern section of Paget, on the highway to Hamilton, is the Agricultural Station, where the government carries on experimental work. The results obtained here in field and greenhouse fully prove that the combination of Bermuda soil and climate is capable of producing vegetables and fruit of excellent quality.

Pembroke Parish and the City of Hamilton

Pembroke is entered from Paget at the head of Crow's Lane, another name for the harbour. In this locality, according to tradition, Sarah Bassett, an aged coloured woman, was burned at the stake in 1730 for attempting to poison her master's family. The sentence was imposed by Chief

Justice Outerbridge in these words: "It is the sentence of this court. That you Sarah Basset, the prisoner at the Barr, be returned to the prison from whence you came, and from thence you are to be conveyed to the place of execution, where a Pile of wood is to be made and provided, and you are to be there fastened to a sufficient stake, and there to be burnt with fire until your body be dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul." The day of the execution was exceedingly hot, and a broiling day in Bermuda is still described as "a regular Sally Bassett day."

Spread over the southern slopes of Pembroke Parish, to which the Earl of Pembroke lent his name, Hamilton is a dazzling town of whitewashed limestone, regularly laid out, with excellent streets and substantial stone wharfs, the latter bearing revenue to their owner, the municipality. In the latter part of the eighteenth century trade was centred about the shores of the Great Sound, and the necessity of a port for the middle and western parishes led to the foundation of Hamilton in 1790, after several years of agitation. The town was named in honour of the then Governor, Henry Hamilton, was incorporated on June 30, 1793, and succeeded St. George's as the seat of government on January 1, 1815, the Assembly first meeting at the Town Hall two weeks later. Since that

time Hamilton has steadily increased in wealth and population, rising to the dignity of a city in 1898, by special act of the Legislature. Its population is about 2500. As the port of call for mail steamers from New York, Hamilton is the chief distributing point for imports and exports, and, therefore, the busiest and most progressive community. The merchants import foodstuffs and cattle on the hoof from the United States and Canada, and the larger retail dry-goods stores, which adopt American ideas of merchandising, send their buyers to England and the Continent of Europe, the low tariff enabling them to offer high-grade articles, particularly linens and laces, at moderate prices. Hamilton has a number of modern business buildings, lighted by electricity; a telephone system, which reaches to all parts of the colony; two banks, two newspapers, — the *Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily*, and *Mid-Ocean* — and a library. The gaiety of its social life is enhanced by the presence of the Governor and Admiral in residence and the hospitalities extended by the Royal Artillery and Engineers and the battalion of infantry that happens to be stationed at Prospect. English garrison towns are usually lively, and Hamilton is no exception.

In recent years the energies of the people of

Hamilton have centred about the tourist traffic, and hotel building has progressed on an extensive scale. Three large hotels, with the latest conveniences, several smaller ones, and a number of boarding-houses and furnished villas, which are rented for the season, provide accommodations for the constantly growing army of American visitors. Hotel and private liveries have increased in proportion to the demand for carriages, while boatmen have added to the mosquito fleet, providing among other craft motor and glass-bottomed boats for sea-garden excursions.

Hamilton's central and dominating feature is the Cathedral, — a Gothic edifice, standing on Church Street. It rivals any ecclesiastical pile in the Western Hemisphere, not in size, but in beauty, form, and workmanship. Selected stones from the United Kingdom, Indiana, and Nova Scotia have been harmoniously blended with Caen and native limestone, and each block has been carefully dressed and laid by superior workmen, the result being a splendid specimen of the builder's art. The Cathedral was begun in 1885 to replace Trinity Church, which had been destroyed by incendiaries, and is not wholly completed. From the massive tower, with its battlemented parapet and pinnacles, extensive views of the neighbouring parishes may be seen. It is by far the best

observatory in Hamilton. Interior fittings and arrangements are in keeping with the whole design. Especially fine examples of church sculpture are the pulpit and lectern, copies of those in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Among other memorials is a replica of the tablet erected in memory of Sir George Somers at Whitechurch. No expense has been spared to make the Cathedral worthy of the Church of England, but few persons can tell how much it has cost.

Whenever state or special naval and military services are held at the Cathedral the scene is most brilliant and effective. Detachments from the Royal Navy, Royal Artillery, and Engineers, the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps, and infantry, the latter in dress uniforms, with band and colours, march to the edifice, and are met there by the Governor and staff officers in gorgeous uniforms, the chief justice, in wig and knee breeches, colonial dignitaries, the clergy and their ladies. The band participates in the service, playing a voluntary as the colours are brought in and the national anthem when they are carried out at the close of the service. Then the troops are drawn up in front of the Cathedral and reviewed by the Governor, marching to barracks to the tune of a quickstep. The colour, music, and dignity of the ceremonies are both inspiring and impressive.

East of the Cathedral are the Wesleyan Methodist and Presbyterian churches; the African Methodists and Roman Catholics also have edifices, and there is, of course, a parish church. Within the square bounded by Reid, Parliament, and Court Streets, facing on Front, the main business thoroughfare at the harbour's edge, is the structure known as the Public Buildings, opened in 1833. This contains the Council Chamber, library, departmental offices, and those of the Governor. At the opening and closing of Parliament for the session the Governor, attended by a guard of honour and band, drives to the Council Chamber, and there meets the members of both houses, reading his speech from the throne. The proceedings follow on a small scale the ceremonies attending the opening of the British Parliament, the Governor representing the sovereignty of Great Britain.

Back of the Public Buildings is the Post Office, and, on higher ground above, the Sessions House, where the Assembly and Supreme Court have chambers. The commanding clock tower commemorates the jubilee of Queen Victoria. The building itself was erected in 1817. Another point of interest is the museum of the Bermuda Natural History Society at Par-la-ville, on Queen Street. In front of the building, hanging its great

branches across the street, is a gigantic rubber tree, about sixty years old, which was imported from Essequibo, British Guiana, and planted by the late William B. Perot, a former owner of Par-la-ville. Facing Cedar Avenue, lined on either side with large cedars, is Victoria Park, a pretty flower garden, with closely trimmed lawns, a large variety of shrubs and shade trees, and several pleasing specimens of the candelabra cactus, which is described exactly by its name. The band stand, erected by the corporation, is another memorial of Queen Victoria's jubilee. Here, too, is the column erected in memory of the members of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps who fell in the Great War.

Hamilton shows its prosperity in its villas, — comfortable houses surrounded by gardens in which the regal poinciana, with yellow and crimson flowers, bamboo, sago palm, screw pine, century plant, loquat, and palmetto spread themselves without much cultivation. These gardens are ornamented by the bougainvillea, clothed in purple, by geraniums half the height of a man, by hibiscus, the scarlet stars of the poinsettia, and the gorgeous blossoms of the night-blooming cereus, to name only a few of the plants one finds in them. There is little formality in the method of planting, but a marvellous combination of colour.

West of the city, in the Fairyland district, are located some of the larger estates, to reach which either the Pitt's Bay road or the Serpentine may be taken. Beyond Fairyland, or you might say at the north end, is the Mangrove Creek, which exhibits the manner in which this hardy swamp tree will close up a sheltered inlet, if not disturbed. From each branch strong shoots descend into the water and root themselves in mud or sand, weaving a thicket that is dark and impenetrable. Climbing upward from the mangroves the road is flanked by thick woods, a short drive bringing you to Clarence Hill, the winter residence of the Admiral of the North America and West Indies station. The Admiral has a splendid view of the dockyard, with which he has to communicate constantly by signal flags, and he has also a private landing at a cove on the north shore. Keeping onward, you finally reach the extremity of Spanish Point, meeting the waters of the Great Sound, the whole of which is within the range of vision. Returning, the north shore road passing the golf links should be followed to the Ducking Stool (a reputed place of punishment for witches), then there is a steep climb through a cut in the hill to Mount Langton, the residence of the Governor. Government House, completed in 1892, and its gardens form

one of the show places, the entrance being continually ablaze with flowers. Permits are necessary to visit both Government and Admiralty houses.

The descent from Mount Langton into Hamilton overlooks the beautiful Pembroke valley, at the foot of which stands St. John's, the parish church, which originated in 1621 and was rebuilt in 1721 and again in 1821. The edifice and its peaceful churchyard are venerable objects of interest. After seeing St. John's it is well to go eastward to Prospect Hill and look down upon the roofs of Hamilton. The picture extends across the harbour to Paget and Warwick, dotted with houses, and far in the distance, standing like a monolith, is the tower of Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, with the Great Sound islands resting in the water at the right. From Fort Hamilton, near by, there is a less extended but not less charming view of the harbour's tinted waters, beginning at its head. Sunday church parade is an attraction at Prospect; and there is Happy Valley, where the soldiers have camp-fires, singing music hall ditties and retailing good-humoured jokes at the expense of their audience. At Prospect the military officers maintain excellent tennis courts, and frequently stage tournaments which draw a large and enthusiastic gallery.

Hamilton has in the Great Sound an aquatic "playground," the best sailing course in the islands. From the harbour mouth the main ship channel is carried through the narrow Two-Rock Passage, where it is almost possible to leap ashore from the steamer's deck, curving around the Great Sound toward the dockyard, thence straightening down the north side to the break in the barrier reef. For small boats, however, there are other channels, and as the Sound is deep you may sail about all the islands and make a landing whenever the spirit moves. Just outside the harbour is Agar's Island, lying off Fairyland, where, an anonymous writer says, "you row into little coves, then into what seem to be lakes, so perfectly enclosed in the water, hard by the shore, looking up through dells in which you can almost see the fairies dancing under the trees; under great rocks which threaten to send you down among the fishes, around islands, into inlets, where the mangroves, every leaf glistening in the moonlight, throw out their branches in the most welcoming way."

For a few years scientists had opportunities for study and research at Agar's Island, for here was the biological station and aquarium maintained by the Bermuda Natural History Society. The station was established in 1903 at the suggestion

of Prof. Charles L. Bristol of New York University, in co-operation with Prof. E. L. Mark of Harvard and the Natural History Society. Temporary headquarters were occupied at Flatt's Village, and in 1908 the station was removed to Agar's, where an old powder magazine had been converted into a novel aquarium. This underground structure of solid masonry was divided into five transverse chambers, crossed by a dark passage. The chambers, in which were installed glass tanks for specimens, were surrounded by a moat called the "lighting passage." Tops of the tanks were thus exposed to light and air and their contents advantageously displayed. The whole scheme of lighting, ventilation, and display was excellent.

The station possessed numerous advantages for American students engaged in biological research work because there was no place nearer the universities of the northeastern American states affording a similar field for study, but unfortunately during the Great War it was necessary to suspend all activities. Agar's Island reverted to its original warlike purpose. It hoisted the American flag and became a supply station for the United States Navy, which maintained a base at Bermuda to refit and refuel submarine chasers on their way to European waters. Thus Agar's

Island lives in the memory of American students and American bluejackets, and its name is recorded in the archives of the United States Navy, and those of the Royal Navy.

For the last sixty years Bermuda has been a resort of scientists. Sir Wyville Thompson, of the famous Challenger expedition; J. Matthew Jones, George Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian Institution; Alexander Agassiz, of Harvard; Angelo Heilprin, Addison E. Verrill, of Yale, author of "The Bermuda Islands," an exhaustive textbook; and many others, in addition to Mark and Bristol, have studied the natural history of the islands. Nor is it possible to forget Bermuda's own naturalist, John Tavenier Bartram, private of the Thirtieth Regiment, who bought his discharge and lived for nearly half a century in the pursuit of birds, shells, and fishes, dying at the age of seventy-eight.

A very keen scientist, Professor Bristol, inaugurated the work of supplying the New York Aquarium with Bermuda fishes, which at once proved to be one of the most popular free exhibits in the metropolis. He continued this work for a decade, and then it was taken over by the Agar's Island station. The fish were first "seasoned" in the local aquarium to accustom them to captivity and then transported in iron tanks, the water

in which was artificially kept at the same temperature throughout the voyage as Bermuda water, in order to preserve the fish. Between six and seven hundred were sent to New York every summer until the Aquarium found it more desirable to obtain specimens from Florida.

Without discrediting Professor Bristol it must be said that not he, but no less a personage than Phineas T. Barnum, was the first to introduce Bermuda fishes to the New York Aquarium public. Barnum, ever on the alert for new thrills, conceived the idea of bringing live specimens from tropical waters, and sent out two expeditions, — one to Honduras, the other to Bermuda. Both returned without their fish, all having died in transit. Barnum was disappointed, but was prevailed upon by one of his assistants, Mr. W. E. Damon, to fit out the well-smack *Pacific*, which sailed to Bermuda in the summer of 1862. These being the days of blockade running, all Northerners were regarded with suspicion, and soon it was rumoured that Mr. Damon, in his frequent trips across the bays, was taking soundings, not fish. Finally, a peremptory order from the authorities halted his work, and not until the American consul had intervened in his behalf was Mr. Damon allowed to resume his harmless occupation. His party caught six hundred fish, all of which were

successfully transported, to the greater glory and profit of Barnum, and the pleasure of his patrons at the Ann Street Museum.

On Tucker's, Darrell's, Morgan's, Marshall's, Burtt's, Hawkin's, and Port's Islands — the larger of the Great Sound group — about five thousand Boer prisoners of war were confined for nearly two years. The burghers were guarded by soldiers and gunboats, but the internal government of each laager rested with the prisoners, who selected their own officers to enforce camp rules. The men occupied their time in fishing, bathing, and making souvenirs, with which they flooded Bermuda. They were well fed and clothed, and there was practically no sickness in the camps. After the war the majority took the oath of allegiance to Great Britain and were sent home. A few elected to remain in Bermuda, while the recalcitrants found their way to New York.

Tucker's Island should be visited, if only to see its cavern and underground lake, which is lighted by acetylene gas. The stalactites are of great size, — much larger, indeed, than the roof pendants of caves in other localities. It is conceivable, when better facilities for reaching these islands are afforded, that they will be populated by winter residents who desire solitude and their own private bathing places.

Devonshire and Smith's

Devonshire, named in honour of the Earl of Devonshire, and Smith's, in honour of Sir Thomas Smith, are the two central parishes, occupying that portion of the Main from Pembroke and Paget to Harrington Sound, between the north and south shores. The north road may be entered below Mount Langton or, like the middle road, through Prospect, which is a part of Devonshire. The north road skirts the shore at the foot of a ridge of hills, and commands a restful view of the ocean. It is hedged by the feathery tamarisk, which is never affected by the salt spray that flies from the rocks below. The middle road taps a typically rural district, a noticeable feature being Devonshire Marsh, in which the palmetto attains an unusual height. Both north and middle roads converge at Flatt's Village. Near the marsh reposes quaint old Devonshire church, and Christ's Church, the newer parish edifice, completed in 1851. Parts of the older building date from 1719. It is a curious structure, exemplifying the methods of shipbuilders as applied to architecture. At one end is a gnarled, venerable cedar, once used as a belfry.

St. Mark's, the parish church of Smith's, is also reached by the middle road, and thence a

junction is made with the south shore road, near Spittal Pond and Spanish Rock. St. Mark's, consecrated in 1848, supplanted a church that had crumbled to decay. It is a striking building, containing examples of native craftsmanship, the pulpit, especially, of cedar and mahogany, being an exquisite piece of wood carving.

Time has almost obliterated the initials (described elsewhere) on Spanish Rock, but the place will always remain a landmark surrounded by the mystery of the ancient sailor who carved his name in local history at a time when hogs overran the islands. The natural checker board, a singular rock formation, is here, but the greatest attraction is the scenery. Looking east and west, it is wild and magnificent, if such a word may be applied to tiny Bermuda. The surf thunders across the reefs, churns a froth among the boilers, and rolls onward to the gray cliffs, hollowed, torn, distorted by constant warfare with the ocean, and strewn with boulders at the base. Such is the picture, modified or emphasised, as you drive eastward over the military road from Spanish Rock to Tucker's Town, a charming resort for golfers and anglers. Here, as at Paget, are sand dunes, some active, shifting with each wind; others held together by strong creepers. Here, too, at the eastern end of the long, wide beach, stands the

Natural Arch, a rugged piece of seashore architecture, with a background of massive cliffs. The links of the Mid-Ocean Golf Club and its cottage community cover more than 600 acres, facing Castle Harbour, the Atlantic, and Harrington Sound. It is an entrancing spot, with a splendid beach, protected by the reefs; a sheltered cove, tennis courts, bridle paths, and excellent fishing "grounds" nearby.

Hamilton Parish

Flatt's Village, popular as a place of residence for tourists, by reason of its central location, is on the border line of Hamilton Parish, named in honour of the Marquis of Hamilton. A century ago the Flatts, as it is called, was a shipping point of importance, but the silt from the ocean has made its little harbour shallow, and now only small boats can enter it. Off the mouth is Gibbet Island, so named because the skull of a slave who had killed his master, was exhibited there on a gibbet for years. Flatts has one large and several smaller boarding houses. Two roads lead eastward from the village, one crossing a bridge over a turbulent channel that feeds Harrington Sound, the other winding about the sound to Paynter's Vale and Walsingham, both meeting near the Admiral's Cave and continuing toward the Causeway. The road that crosses the bridge passes

Shelly Bay and Bailey's Bay and is the shorter route to St. George's, but the sound road is more beautiful and interesting.

Harrington Sound, a circular body of water with Trunk Island in the centre, is enclosed by bold cliffs wooded almost to the edge. The settlers used to say that the sound waters neither ebbed nor flowed, and they were nearly correct, for the tidal change is less than a foot. The sound road passes Lion Rock, a remarkable effigy of that beast, and then you come to the Devil's Hole or Neptune's Grotto, which is within the precincts of Smith's. It is a natural grotto, in the side of a hill, and is fed with water by underground channels that are connected with the Sound. It contains about two thousand fishes, representing thirty different species, with the wide-mouthed, voracious grouper in the majority. Standing on the bridge, you look down into the red jaws lifted out of water as the groupers listen for the rattle of the keeper's bait can. The pond is quiet, and one may study the mottled bodies until bait is thrown in; then there is great commotion, and the water is churned into a whirlpool. When the ripples smooth out, there is a surprising transformation, for the groupers have changed their dress to black — an instantaneous and unseen process. Let no one entertain the delusion that

these fish are not dangerous. A British officer once ridiculed the fact and to test its truth threw his dog into the pool. In a second the animal was torn to pieces, and its master departed much chastened in spirit.

Near the Devil's Hole there is a road climbing over Knapton Hill toward Spanish Rock, while another cuts across country by way of Mangrove Lake and Trott's Pond to Tucker's Town. Keeping to the sound road, you pass Shark's Hole, a seaside cavern extending under the rocks, the turn at the left leading along the eastern shore into Walsingham, the cave district. Close by Shark's Hole are two boundary stones, a short distance apart. The intervening strip of land is reserved to St. George's and furnishes a right of way to the sound for residents of that parish, to which Tucker's Town belongs. The latter place is also reached by a road from this locality.

There is no part of Bermuda where the vegetation is wilder, more luxuriant, or the colouring more intense than at Walsingham, named after its first explorer, the coxswain of the *Sea Venture*. It is as riotous a tangle as it was in bygone days, when Tom Moore sallied forth from Walsingham House, beside a rocky pool, and rambled through the woods to his hospitable calabash tree, now

struggling against age in a cool, green glen. Here cedar brush is shrouded in jasmine, which in early summer is white with blossoms and heavy with perfume; there are coffee trees, oranges, lemons, and wild olives; stalactitic walls of fallen caverns and mouths of subterranean chambers are masked by creepers, ferns, and moss, while the fiddlewood, which assumes as its regular dress soft autumn tints, lends touches of brown and red to the fresh green of the undergrowth.

The government should preserve Walsingham tract as a public park, for it represents that ancient and wonderfully fertile Bermuda of which scientists have only a vague conception. Verrill, in "The Bermuda Islands," says that Walsingham seems to contain the "oldest rocks now exposed to view on the islands," and that the caves were "excavated by percolating rain water and fresh water streams in the hard limestones." The percolation washed out through hidden channels the loose sand and earth underlying the hardened surface, thus producing recesses in which stalactite and stalagmite have formed by the constant dripping of water, each drop carrying a minute deposit of carbonate of lime, which was acquired from the calcareous soil in the filtering process. Some of the caverns grew too large to support their roofs, and so we find throughout Walsing-

ham "sinks" or depressions caused by the collapse of the structure overhead. In such rocky glens there are broken boulders and irregular curtains of honey-combed limestone — damp, shadowy glades that try shoe leather but delight the eye and fire the imagination.

On the way from Walsingham House is Holy Trinity, the parish church of Hamilton, and one of the oldest in the colony. It is beautifully situated on the north shore of the sound, just above Church Bay. The original church, with a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, was built in 1622, and parts of that structure are embodied in the present building, if the records are not misleading. North of the church, and reached by Wilkinson Avenue, is the residential district known as Bailey's Bay, the road being lined with characteristic dwellings and gardens.

Just off the road is Crystal Cave and Cahow Lake, a recent discovery, the most dazzling cavern in Bermuda. When the cave was first opened one descended ninety feet through a rift in the strata, but now a passage leads straight into the grotto and the visitor soon finds himself on the shore of Cahow Lake, across which is moored a pontoon bridge. Under the glow of electric lamps the scene is not to be conjured. It is another world, a scintillating creation of lime, and water, the drip,

drip, drip signifying the slow but steady growth of pendants clinging to the salmon-tinted ceiling.

There are thousands of stalactites not larger than a knitting needle; there are conical masses, pure as crystal, a foot in diameter at the base; there are translucent draperies, mushroom effects, banks of calcite, snow-white, and polished like diamonds. Here are donkey's ears, there an alligator, at the foot of the stairway a faithful model of a turtle. Each living stalactite holds a glistening drop at its extremity and vibrates tunefully, but those that are dead, having lost their nourishment — water — no longer contain a suggestion of melody.

Cahow Lake takes its name from the fact that in one of the chambers were found deeply embedded in the calcite bones and fossilized feathers of the cahow, which became extinct about 1630. This "silly" bird, as one early writer called it, was exceedingly plentiful when the settlers arrived and could be caught in hundreds after dark by hand. In the first few years of settlement the nightmare of famine was ever present, and the cahow, being the principal victim of man's rapacity, soon became extinct. Long had modern scientists searched for traces of the bird, but not until Crystal Cave was discovered were their efforts rewarded. The birds lived in holes among

the rocks, coming out at night, and the cave's colony was apparently entombed by a sudden disturbance of the strata. The lake is subject to tidal changes, indicating connection with Castle hill apparently being undermined. Another cavern, also a recent discovery, in the Walsingham district, is Leamington Cave. It has several chambers and is notable not only for its pendants and draperies but for its exquisite colouring. The lighting system is admirable.

A short distance from the Crystal, on the road to St. George's, are the Admiral's Cave and the Joyce's Dock or Shakespeare grottoes, all of which should claim attention. The district has the same characteristics as the Walsingham tract, of which it may be considered a part, and there are several caverns not accessible to the public. Two are retained for the enjoyment of their owners' private guests. The Admiral's Cave is a long one, the first chamber being decorated by hundreds of stalactites that assume forms of the vegetable world. Farther down into the earth, the way being illuminated by electricity, is the organ chamber, where stand one large and a series of smaller columns — the organ — resulting from the union of stalactite and stalagmite. These when struck by metal send forth musical notes

that echo and re-echo against the dripping roof. Another descent brings the explorer to a lake of clear water, the strange silence of this chamber being disturbed only by the occasional rumble of vehicles passing directly overhead on the St. George's highway. From this cave, in 1819, Admiral Sir David Milne cut a huge stalagmite weighing three and a half tons and sent it to the museum of the University of Edinburgh. His son, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, visited the chamber in 1863 and observed the new matter that had been formed by five drops of water on the stump during the intervening forty-four years. From his measurements the admiral estimated that the stalagmite had occupied six hundred thousand years in formation, if during the period it was forming the drips were not more numerous and did not fall more rapidly than in 1863. The accuracy of the deduction is by no means conclusive, in the opinion of present-day geologists.

Down the road a few hundred yards is the gateway of the Joyce's Dock caves, explored by sightseers of three centuries. They are also lighted by electricity. The Cathedral Cave, so named because it contains a stalagmite fashioned like a pulpit, is entered through a natural gateway of solid rock. Growing stalactites, wrought in the form of icicles, are reflected in the water of its lake,

while great pillars support the sloping roof. The full beauty of this recess is realised from the entrance to the diamond chamber, where, looking upward, the eye meets a ceiling with the sparkle of a jeweller's cabinet.

More wonderfully conceived is the companion grotto, the Island Cave. A circular lake nearly half an acre in extent, is covered by a dome of stalactitic material arranged in fantastic clusters. Groups of artistic columns beautify the edges, an island of stalagmite rises in the centre of the lake, and without stretching the imagination it is possible to find among the draperies faces and figures of familiar personages, including a bust of Shakespeare.

St. George's

Leaving underground mysteries behind, the way points across the Causeway from the Blue Hole to Long Bird Island, thence across the Swing Bridge to St. George's. On the left hand is the Reach, extending from the bridge to the Old Ferry, the point of crossing before the Causeway was built; on the right is the expanse of Castle Harbour, with the ruins of ancient fortifications standing at the skyline. The Causeway was completed in 1871 at a cost of £32,000 ($160,000), and, being partly demolished by the hurricane of 1899, was

repaired the following year. Leaving the bridge, the road twists and turns with the contour of Mullet Bay, climbs gentle grades, and enters the old town, the cradle of Bermuda history, commemorating in its name the exploits of Sir George Somers.

When the site of St. George's was cleared of cedars, men planted their homes irregularly over the open space heedless of the inevitable advent of vehicles, and so the town is a maze of narrow streets and crooked alleys, bordered by high-walled gardens — a Spanish-looking, unconventional place, you may say, dignified by age, associations, and the hospitality of its people. Silk Alley, Shinbone, Old Maid's Alley, and Turkey Hill are some of the curious names given to the byways. Although older by one hundred and eighty-eight years than Hamilton, St. George's was not incorporated until 1797, four years after the capital. Since the American civil war St. George's has experienced many vicissitudes and at one period its fortunes were at a low ebb. In recent years, however, the old town has received its share of tourists, and its splendid, land-locked harbour has been made accessible to large vessels by the dredging of a new channel—the Town Cut Channel—thus giving impetus to the trade in coal and fuel oil, which is centred at this port. St.

George's has a population of about 1,100. The town has one modern hotel, with tennis courts and a swimming pool attached, and several boarding houses. A journey of twenty minutes by motor launch across Castle Harbour carries one to the course of the Mid-Ocean Golf Club at Tucker's Town. The caves are within a half hour's drive of St. George's. Sail and motor boats are available for fishing "voyages" and picnics, while glass-bottomed craft make regular trips to the sea gardens. To visitors are extended the privileges of the St. George's Historical Society, which maintains a circulating library.

St. Peter's, mother of all the parish churches, and its graveyard are in the centre of the town. Governor Moore, in 1612, built a cedar church on this site, but it was soon destroyed by a hurricane. In 1620 Governor Butler built a more substantial church, and it is probable that some of his masonry is contained in the existing walls, raised in 1713, and covered with a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, which made way about fifty years later for one of stone. Time had worked havoc with St. Peter's until 1908, when through public subscriptions it was possible to renovate the structure thoroughly, and now the old church bids fair to double its age. Within the shadow of the clock tower, erected in 1814, is the grave of Mid-

shipman Dale, closely crowded by family tombs, weather-stained and hoary with age. It bears this inscription:

In memory of

RICHARD SUTHERLAND DALE

Eldest son of Commodore Richard Dale of Philadelphia in the U. S. of America, a midshipman in the U. S. Navy.

He departed this life at St. George's, Bermuda on the 22nd day of February, A. D. 1815, aged 20 years, one month and 17 days. He lost his right leg in an engagement between the U. S. Frigate President and a squadron of His Britannic Majesty's ships of war on 15th January, A. D. 1815.

His confinement caused a severe complaint in his back which in a short time terminated his life.

This stone records the tribute of his parents' gratitude to those inhabitants of St. George's, whose generous and tender sympathy prompted the kindest attentions to their son while living, and honoured him when dead.

The interior arrangements of the church belong to the past. At the centre of the north wall is a triple-decked pulpit, while the altar is built at the east wall, making it necessary for the congregation to face right about when the creed is repeated. Between pulpit and altar are large

box pews, with seats on two sides, the preacher looking at the backs of some of his auditors. One of these pews is reserved for the Governor, who has the legal right to a sitting in each parish church. St. Peter's massive silver communion service was given to the parish in 1689 by King William III, the christening basin was the gift of Governor Browne of Salem, Mass., while a chalice, bearing the Virginia Company's coat of arms, dates back to 1625. Mural tablets cover the walls, telling the story of yellow fever epidemics and extolling the virtues of long-forgotten men and women. There are examples of the sculpture of Bacon and Westmacott, but the memorial which attracts most attention is that erected to Governor Alured Popple, "who," says Lefroy, "is gratefully remembered by the ladies of Bermuda for imposing a tax on bachelors." It is worded as follows:

Died at Bermuda November 17 1744
in the 46th year of his age,
After nine days illness of a bilious fever,
The Good Governor,
ALURED POPPLE Esq;
During the Course of his Administration,
which to the inconsolable grief of the Inhabitants
Continued but six years,
Of the many Strangers who resorted Thither for their health
The Observing easily discovered in him,

Under the graceful Veil of Modesty,
An Understanding and Abilities equal
To a more important Trust;
The Gay and Polite were charmed with the Unaffected
Elegance and amiable Simplicity of his Manners
And all were chear'd
By his Hospitality and diffusive Benevolence
Which Steadily flowed and Undisturbed,
From the Heart,
To Praise, according to his Merit,
The Deceased
would be but too sensible a Reproach
To the Living;
And to enumerate the many rare Virtues
which shone united in the Governor
of that little Spot
were to tell how many great Talents
and excellent Endowments are
Wanting in Some
Whom the capriciousness of Fortune
Exposes
In a more elevated and Conspicuous station.

Governor Popple was far from popular with Bermudians, and apparently he incurred the displeasure of some who occupied "a more elevated and conspicuous station" in England, where the inscription was written by friends. To Bermudians it is irreverently known as Governor Popple's "certificate of character." His tax on bachelors, it may be said, amounted to one shilling a head.

On Water Street is the Post Office and Custom House, formerly the colonial jail in which the American revolutionary prisoners were confined. Between the exterior and interior walls are blocks of hard limestone, which probably thwarted many a convict. A notable prisoner was John Stephenson, confined for six months in 1801 for "preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to African blacks and captive negroes," a law having been enacted especially to fit his so-called crime. But it was ineffective, for the dauntless Stephenson preached through his cell window, drawing sympathy and followers from the crowd. This was practically the last instance of religious persecution in the colony.

A few doors above the Post Office is the house in which the Duke of Clarence, afterward King William IV, lived as an officer of the Royal Navy, and a short distance below, on Market Square, is the Town Hall, in which are pictures of the several mayors. The former home of the Courts of Justice and Council, on rising ground at the east of the square, is held in trust by the Corporation for Lodge St. George, No. 200, which is supposed to pay an annual rental of one peppercorn, according to the deed of gift made by Governor Sir James Cockburn in 1816. The deed also provided that parliamentary elections should be held in the

building. Lodge 200 was chartered in 1797 under the Grand Registry of Scotland and is the oldest body of Freemasons in Bermuda.

Just north of the lodge, in York Street, is the Somers Garden, the garden of the governors when St. George's was the capital, and the burial place of Sir George Somers's heart, as the memorial tablet (mentioned elsewhere) indicates. It is a bright spot, with flowering shrubs and rare trees, including a "monkey's puzzle," date palms more than one hundred and fifty years old, and effective specimens of the screw pine. At the garden gate stands a native limestone monument erected by the colony to commemorate Somers and the tercentenary of Bermuda's settlement. On Government Hill, which rises back of the garden, is the new parish church which when completed will supplant venerable St. Peter's. Here stood the powder magazine which Captain Ord depleted in 1775, also the residence of the Governor. Eighty years after the powder episode a curious discovery was made in the course of excavations on Government Hill. The skeleton of a man was exhumed, the skull showing a fracture. He had evidently been killed and buried in haste, as his grave was only two feet deep. Buttons, gold lace, spurs, and a whalebone riding whip indicated that he had been a French staff officer, probably a prisoner of war on parole

when the magazine was entered. This man was supposed to have escaped with Ord's men, but it is apparent that they killed him in the belief that he was spying on their movements. Thus the shallow grave vindicated his honour.

From the heights above the town the outlook can scarcely be surpassed. The signal station at Fort George sweeps the entire north shore, the near and distant islands of Castle Harbour on the south, the ocean at the east — a comprehensive picture by daylight and a singularly attractive scene when moonrays cut a path across the phosphorescent waters of the town harbour and tinge the foliage of St. David's with silver grey. Under the brow of Rose Hill, facing York Street, is the Methodist Chapel, while on the eastern slope are the crumbling ruins of Nea's home, reminiscent of Tom Moore. From Barrack Hill, rising above the cliffs of Convict Bay at the eastern end of the town, you may look down into the crooked alleys and private gardens, and realise the extent and beauties of the harbour. This hill and the plateau extending north and east comprise a military reservation, where Tommy Atkins lives in large, airy barracks, St. George's being the headquarters of the Royal Artillery. The colonel's residence is a conspicuous building, back of which is the officers' mess.

On the Cut Road, which runs below Barrack Hill, are several large houses and gardens, the ocean coming into view at the extremity of Bermuda, hard by the Town Cut Channel, which runs between St. George's and Higgs Islands. Power of empire is typified in the surrounding fortifications — guardians of the channels — but they are not open to public inspection and sketching or photographing them is prohibited. On this shore Somers and his company landed; here, too, is Building's Bay, where their shipbuilders laboured, and Lunn's Well, which they dug three centuries ago. And the bachelor who drinks a thimble full of its water will surely be married before leaving Bermuda — so runs the legend. A drive from this point past the parade ground, military church, Fort Victoria, and the barracks back of Government Hill brings one to the Naval Tanks — large water catches — the traditional landing place of Captain Ord's crew. Coot Pond and the limestone pinnacles called Tobacco Rocks are in the vicinity, and looking eastward is Fort Catherine, crowning St. Catherine's Point, around which vessels turn from the Ship Channel to proceed up the north shore to the dockyard and Hamilton. Another drive is by the Ferry Road leading west from the town about Mullet Bay and going through the neck of land that stretches to the Old Ferry.

Lover's Lake, the Martello Tower, and the salt house on Coney Island — the latter a relic of the salt industry — are seen *en route*.

Opposite St. George's is St. David's Island, running the length of the harbour, with Smith's lying parallel at the eastern end. Between Smith's and Paget Island is the harbour mouth, commanded by Fort Cunningham on Paget. The first settlers landed on Smith's Island, and the remains of their ovens are visible there. St. David's, reached by steam ferry from St. George's, is the only large island having no highway connection with the others, and through isolation its inhabitants, a sturdy race, have closely retained the old 'Mudian traditions of living. They farm, fish, pilot vessels, go to sea when they hear the call, and chase the whale at every opportunity, according to the ways of their ancestors. You will find their prototypes in Nantucket and along the south shore of Long Island. The capture of a whale, now a rare occurrence, carries the greater part of the population to Smith's Island, where the blubber is tried out in vats that were built when the industry supported many families and the colony burned sperm oil only. They tell many stories of the simplicity of the David's Islanders, or "Mohawks," as some call them. One concerns a bearded patriarch who said he would have "no

graven images" in the house when his son of forty brought home the first photograph of himself. There is another which depicts the consternation of an old fisherman when he caught sight of the *Thames*, the first steamer to visit Bermuda. It was in March, 1842, and he was anchored off shore in a dinghy, with a boy as his only companion. When he saw the mysterious fire-ship bearing down upon him, a cloud of smoke trailing in the sky, he cried in terror: "Sonny, sonny, cut the killick, perdition cometh." A killick, by the way, is a stone anchor protected by cedar or oleander boughs. It was devised by the early settlers and is still generally used.

The ferryboat's course lies through a narrow passage between Smith's and St. David's into limpid water, the shore on either side being indented by tiny coves. On the sand of one called Dolly's Bay is the remnant of a civil war torpedo raft, one of three built in New York to be used in assaults upon Charleston. In 1862 the rafts left New York in tow of the steamer *Ericsson*, but in a gale off Cape Hatteras one of the trio broke away and could not be recovered. For six years it drifted, a dangerous ocean waif, then the currents directed its course to Bermuda. In 1872, four years later, a sea captain representing Boston underwriters, came to the islands. He was

told about the strange derelict and went to Dolly's Bay to see it. "Well, well, did I ever expect to be shipmates with it again?" he exclaimed, as he boarded the raft and without hesitation picked out the government number. He was none other than Captain E. H. Faucon, once an auxiliary officer of the United States navy, and commander of the *Ericsson*, also, in earlier days master of the brig *Pilgrim*, in which Richard H. Dana sailed and collected the material for "Two Years Before the Mast."

Captain Faucon recalled the wild night off Hatteras, the loss of the raft, and the drowning of a boy who with other seamen had tried to save the tow. The raft was built of heavy pine timbers, at one end of which projected two arms, each intended to hold a torpedo. The other end or tail was constructed to fit the bows of a monitor, which was supposed to push the raft against the submarine barricades of Charleston Harbour, exploding the torpedoes by contact with the obstruction. No longer does the relic resemble the derelict of 1868. It is simply a mass of rusty spikes and spongy timbers, which resisted the efforts of those who tried to pull them apart.

From the last ferry landing it is a short climb to St. David's Lighthouse on Mount Hill. The lighthouse is an octagonal limestone tower, 55 feet

from base to lantern and nearly 209 feet above sea level. It was built in 1879, exhibiting a fixed white light, which enables navigators to take cross bearings with the Gibb's Hill flash. The eastern gallery overlooks the new St. David's Fort, and the rugged cliffs of Great Head, beyond which are the buoys marking the channel through the barrier reef. Turning north, the bays between St. David's and Smith's, the harbour and town, showing pink-washed government buildings on Ordnance Island, come into view, while south and west are breakers and the islands of Castle Harbour in bold relief. All of the north shore affords views of St. George's, and on the south shore are several bathing beaches.

Castle Harbour, the chief anchorage of early Bermuda, lies between the west end of St. David's and the shore of Walsingham and Tucker's Town, and is entered from the head of the town harbour. For two centuries the coral builders have worked here so rapidly that the harbour is filled with shoals, and it is now a succession of sea-gardens — prolific in specimens for the collector. Vessels can no longer enter, but with a small boat and a competent pilot it is a simple matter to avoid the rocks and sail to the desolate islands on its southern edge. Practically the whole of Castle Island is covered with grey ruins. It is a bleak, barren spot supporting only sage bush, prickly pears,

and scrub cedar, — an abode of goats, rabbits, lizards, and crabs. Even so, its inhospitable shore is inviting. You land on the south side, clamber up needle-like rocks to the ruins, and find yourself carried back to 1612, when Governor Moore built his cedar gun-platforms to protect Castle Harbour and the struggling settlement against attacks of the much-feared Spaniards. The scheme of defence is readily traced. King's Castle is built at the eastern escarpment, and here in addition to gun embrasures is a chamber hollowed in the rock, with circular compartments for round shot. A stone parapet or rampart runs along the ocean side, with more casemates for guns at the west end. An old kitchen and brick oven are near by, and on rising ground about the centre of the island is the citadel or Devonshire Redoubt, named by Governor Butler, who in 1620 repaired and extended Moore's works. Close by the abrupt cliffs on the north side are the so-called "dungeons," in reality the barracks. It is difficult to tell the exact age of the ruins, for the fortifications were frequently repaired, probably for the last time in the War of 1812.

Only once, in 1613, was the garrison of King's Castle called upon to exhibit its prowess. In that year two Spanish ships appeared off the harbour with the intention, it was believed, of recovering

buried treasure, and, says John Smith: "Master More made but two shot, which caused them to depart. Marke here the handiwork of the diune providence, for they had but three quarters of a barrell of powder, and but one shot more, and the powder by carelessnesse was tumbled down vnder the mussels of the two peeces, were discharged, yet not touched with fire when they were discharged."

On the eastern side of the channel, opposite King's Castle, is Brangman's or Southampton Island, on which there is another ruined redoubt, and a third crumbling fortification stands on Charles or Goat Island. Castle Island, however, is more accessible than its neighbours, and its ruins are more extensive and have a greater historic interest. East of Brangman's Island is Nonsuch, the quarantine detention station, and then Cooper's Island, the home of regiments of land crabs, which scurry into their burrows, like prairie dogs, at the slightest noise. The beaches are composed of sand almost as fine as sifted flour, and on them are thrown quantities of the little pink and green shells that the native jewellers utilise in trinkets. There is a natural bridge, and the island is invested with a romance of hidden treasure. "The marks and signe of it," according to the deposition of Joseph Ming, "were

three yallow wood trees, that stood tryangular upon one of wch was a plate of brass nailed, and on the other were severall names or lettrs cutt theron." That redoubtable "king," Christopher Carter, grandfather of Joseph Ming, found a quantity of ambergris on Cooper's, and with this he purchased the island, being convinced that he would find the treasure, although the proprietors offered him St. David's, which was a greater bargain. Of course, Carter never found the treasure, and his investment proved to be a costly one, for, under the terms of the purchase, he was obliged to maintain at his own expense a garrison of seven men at Pembroke's Fort, the island redoubt. It will be remembered that a yellow wood tree also figured in the Ireland Island treasure tale, but, as with the treasure, only the memory of the wood remains. It disappeared long ago.

Cooper's Island completes the list of points of interest — the principal points. A month is a brief space in which to see them all; indeed, you might profitably spend six months or a year in your rambles, for, though circumscribed, Bermuda is kaleidoscopic. She is not wholly known to her people. If they who live there year after year can find new pictures, new viewpoints, what must there be in store for the casual visitor?

CHAPTER XI

BERMUDA DIVERSIONS

WHAT to do in Bermuda is not a problem, but before telling what you may do it is proper to say what you should do. Be it remembered that Bermuda is so compact and its social intercourse so interwoven that every man feels it his duty to be polite to his fellow whether or not he has seen him before or may see him again. One hour on shore is sufficient for you to learn that it is correct to pass the time of day with every man, woman, and child, white or coloured, ahorse or afoot, at all hours. A roadside salute is the outward manifestation of native hospitality, intended only to make the stranger feel at ease in a land where small amenities of life count for much. The barefoot boy gives it, so does the staid old gentleman, and if the visitor does not think himself an exalted personage, upon whom unusual honours are showered, he is likely to be lacking in self-esteem. It has been so since the beginning, may it remain so forever, if the natives are to retain their reputation for uniform politeness.

The person who wishes sidelights on native life should board a 'bus, the time-honoured means of

conveyance. He may be compressed into a small space between passengers and parcels; his "innards" may be jolted out of place; he may decide never to go again, but he will remember the experience always. Likewise he will not forget the man who pilots the team. The 'bus driver is typically Bermudian. He never refuses a passenger nor a commission. He is guide, philosopher, friend, weather prophet, and messenger for the people along his route. All know and respect him, and impose upon his everlasting fund of good nature, which radiates from his black skin. His memory is automatic, he never complains, never seems tired nor out of sorts, though he works twelve hours each weekday.

If Mrs. Lambert wants a pair of shoes for Johnny, her youngest, she stands at the roadside and hands to the 'bus driver a note addressed to Mr. Jackson in town. Evening finds her again in the same spot, and, sure enough, the driver delivers three pairs, one of which Johnny will wear in church on Sunday, thereby creating envy among his small companions. The others she returns to Mr. Jackson by the same conveyance. If Mrs. Jones needs a prescription renewed, she gives the empty bottle to the driver; if Mr. Jones wants his watch repaired, he does the same thing. Mrs. Packwood asks the driver to fetch her a joint for

dinner, while her neighbour gets him to land the family wash at Bolton's store, where it remains until somebody's child from over the hill calls for it.

With a shrill whistle the driver alarms a drowsy household. "Seen any of the Simmons people around this morning?" he inquires. "No; well give them this when they come," and he may hand out a chair, or milk can, or two gasping chickens, with wings locked and legs tied. He knows the Simmons people will get their articles, even though a member of the drowsy household has to go a mile out of his way to deliver them. Nothing seems to go astray; if anything does, it is not irretrievable.

It is the same the length of the line. Tables, buckets, bicycles, rolls of oil cloth and matting are strapped to the vehicle, to be delivered *en route;* frequently the array of household goods on the dashboard and front seat is so great that the driver stands on the wagon pole. Passengers, too, have personal baggage and livestock. One man grasps a dog, another a crate with a frightened pigeon in it; a soldier has his kit bag and rifle, a woman rests a market-basket on her lap; and everybody seems to carry a bouquet in this land of blossoms.

As for the horses, they are overloaded, but not

ill-treated otherwise. The driver does not use the whip; he is content to travel leisurely. He has to carry the grist of news from parish to parish, bearing tidings of the sick to their friends, telling the daily crop prices to onion packers in the fields, conveying messages, commenting on the weather. Truly, he is a man to be reckoned with.

There is another man of the same race whose character is quite as unique. He is the driver of the victoria you engage for the day. You can choose no better courier for sightseeing. Probably his knowledge of the world is extremely limited, but ask him anything about Bermuda and he will give an intelligent answer. He has been on the road since boyhood and is familiar with every stone and corner, every house, tree, hill, and bay. Also he has an appreciation of the beautiful, and pride of native land prompts him to point out uncommon bits of scenery as you spin along.

Drives are popular, but there are other diversions which cannot be overlooked. Bathing, sailing, fishing, perennial pastimes are these, and in making an engagement the proviso "weather permitting" does not often have to be inserted. Bathing in primitive Bermuda fashion is a delight. Row to an uninhabited island, don your suit in the bushes, and plunge overboard — that is the way. Women use one side of the island as a

dressing-room, men the other. Not a soul disturbs the party; the place is yours until you leave. At any beach there is the same seclusion and no danger. No man-eating sharks are about — they dare not brave the reefs; the undertow is insignificant, and bottom is always in sight — you know where you are treading. And the water — a filter could not make it cleaner. It is a refreshing appetizer for the tea that invariably follows the bath. Bermudians have a habit of picnicking at the slightest opportunity. They carry kettles, spirit lamps, water, every conceivable necessity for a square meal, and unsociable is the person who cannot enjoy these informal little gatherings.

The true native sport is yachting. Your Bermudian takes to a boat as soon as he is able to walk — he cannot help it. His environment and family traditions belong to the sea, and he indulges himself where boats are concerned. Sometimes he is competent to design and build his craft; always is he able to handle it. Before the days of steam, comprehensive charts, and buoyed channels, the Bermuda pilots gained the admiration of every shipmaster with whom they came in contact. They had quick eyesight, presence of mind, and the ability to manœuvre a ship under trying conditions. Taking a position in the top

or on the forecastle, the pilot directed the vessel's course through the reefs, simply by noting the appearance of the bottom, and in masterly style would pick out a devious passage, even in half a gale.

In similar fashion the coloured yacht pilot, standing by the mast, cons the brown shoal-patches, keeps an eye on the weather, and shouts his orders to the helmsman. "Luff, sir, hard-a-lee, steady!" and as the boat responds she flies between two ugly ledges, with a few inches of water to spare on either side. At night, when the novice sees only a blur of darkness, confidence in the pilot is measurably increased. Experience has taught him to remember his landmarks. A hole in the water-worn rock, a clump of cedars, somebody's window lamp, a lone palmetto — these and other guides he picks up one by one; never for a moment is he confused or at a loss for a proper bearing. Never sail without a pilot is sage advice for those unaccustomed to Bermuda waters. He knows his boat, what the wind is likely to do in a certain quarter, where and how far to go, and you may trust his judgment and eyesight.

There are scores of amateur yachtsmen who do not hesitate to match their wits against the professional pilots. They are on the water day

after day, and scarcely a week goes by without at least one race. No water sport provides more exciting incidents than a race between dinghies, — little open boats built of the buoyant cedar, sloop-rigged, with leg-o'-mutton mainsail. According to the rules, a dinghy must not be more than 14 feet 1 inch over all, but no limitation or penalty is placed on the sail-spread, time allowances being based on the boat's measured tonnage. The result is a most impressive exhibition of canvas, three suits of which are provided, — one for light weather, another for moderate breezes, the third for a strong wind. Some idea of the amount of sail carried in light weather is apparent from the size of the spars. The bowsprit is longer than the boat, the mast twice as long, and there is nearly as much sail on the boom as on the mast. The spinnaker contains nearly as much cloth as jib and mainsail combined.

With this smother of sail the dinghy must necessarily be tender. She has a lead-filled false keel, with a deep sheet-iron jaw or "fan" attached, but despite this weight below water the boat is so cranky that she will capsize when the mast is stepped, unless men and ballast are on board. This element of instability gives the crew opportunities to show their seamanship, especially when the breeze comes in puffs which end as quickly as they begin.

The crew is usually composed of four men and a boy, the latter to sit in the boat's bottom, bail continually, and keep her free of water. He has to work hard, but if the breeze softens his services are dispensed with, and he jumps overboard and swims until a friendly spectator picks him up. The captain or "connor" sits opposite the mast and handles the jib sheets. Next to him is the man who shifts ballast, then the one who holds the main sheets, and finally the steersman. The "connor's" word is law, for he is the man who sails the boat. A master sailor is he. Keen of eye, self-reliant, he not only watches his antagonists, but discovers and takes advantage of every slant of wind. A slight ripple far ahead, the behaviour of other boats, convey much to the mind of the "connor," and luffing, luffing, he eats his way to windward and to victory if he makes no mistakes.

With every stitch of canvas drawing and the mast buckling like whalebone, with her lee gunwale under water and the men leaning so far out to windward that their backs are flecked with foam — this is the way a dinghy drives along under the impetus of a full breeze. And all the while the ballast-shifter is moving heavy pigs of lead, resting one on his knees and another on his chest as he stretches his length over the weather

side, with toes braced in cleats. Turning the weather stakeboat, sheets are slacked, the spinnaker is broken out, and the crew, huddling aft, seem to be sitting between two walls of foam. If the load of canvas proves too much, there is one ending only. The dinghy rolls, buries her stem, and sinks slowly to bottom. Sails disappear, and only men are left to flounder about in the water. A buoy attached to the boat floats to the surface, and they pull her up and rig a suit of dry sails in time for the next event.

The only obstacle to dinghy racing is the expense. It is not possible to use the boats for any other purpose, and their elaborate equipment is costly; but there are enough enthusiasts to keep the game alive — may it never die. Racing of larger boats grows apace, and on regatta days the scene is a moving picture of all manner of craft loaded with gaily frocked women and men in flannels, while less fortunate spectators line the shore, shouting encouragement to their favourites. There are three yacht clubs at Hamilton, — the Royal Bermuda, premier organisation; the Hamilton Dinghy, and the Bermuda Boat and Canoe Club; at the east end the St. George's Yacht Club is active in promoting regattas.

The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club was organised as the Bermuda Yacht Club by several civilians

and army officers at a meeting held under Tom Moore's calabash tree on November 1, 1844, the first commodore being Lord Mark Kerr of the Twentieth Regiment. Its first regatta was held in 1845, when Prince Albert became a member of the club and Queen Victoria gave her permission for the organisation to be styled the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. Two years later the Lords of the Admiralty authorised the club to fly the blue ensign of the British fleet, with its own distinctive emblem thereon. This is an honour few colonial yacht clubs enjoy, and it means that vessels flying the red ensign must first salute the blue. The club's boats, on the other hand, are supposed to offer the first salute to the white ensign, or Admiral's flag. There are several challenge cups in the club's possession, one of which was presented by the late Duke of Edinburgh, who succeeded his father as patron, and another by Princess Louise, who visited Bermuda in 1883. These two trophies are sailed for annually. The present royal patron of the club is King George V., who commanded a ship-of-war on the North Atlantic and West Indies Station in 1901, when he was still the Duke of York, without expectation of succeeding to the throne.

In 1906 and the three succeeding years ocean yacht races were sailed between the American

coast and Bermuda, and in 1908 and 1909 races for sea-going motor boats were held. The races for sailing yachts, most of them manned by American Corinthians to whom the perils of deep-sea wind-jamming made an appeal, not only created deep interest among naval architects but stimulated among Bermuda yachtsmen the desire for a better type of large boat for native waters, and a new fleet was quickly formed to replace the heavily built craft which had outlived their usefulness for racing purposes. The Bermuda yachtsmen have also come under the influence of the noted American designer, Mr. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, a frequent visitor to the islands. Mr. Herreshoff's generous advice has been eagerly accepted by native boat builders, and to him they owe a great debt of gratitude.

After yachting, in the eyes of the native, comes fishing as a marine diversion. Rod and reel are practically unknown, for the larger fish make deep soundings and long hand lines—fifty fathoms in localities where the succulent red snapper feeds—are necessary. Some fishermen use heavy dinghies, but there is more comfort in a whaleboat, motor boat, or sloop fitted with a well for preserving the catch if a whole day at the reefs is contemplated.

If Bermudians cannot offer tarpon at the angler's altar, at least they can name a dozen big

fish which have the fighting instinct. The dean of all is the rockfish, running up to one hundred pounds, and when he is hooked you have on your hands a contest that burns the skin off tender fingers. The hogfish, chub, and amberfish, all of respectable weight, are game to the bone, and for downright treachery green and spotted morays, long, supple, and slimy, are to be commended. Israel, a leather-skinned fisherman of veracity, as fishermen go, often told how he and his partner, Toby, caught and lost a green moray the size of a man. Toby violated all ethics of the game by pulling the fish over the gunwale before it had been despatched, and both men were the objects of a vicious attack. "To get rid of the devil," as Israel said, they shinned the mast and capsized the dinghy. Probably the yarn was not overdrawn in some details. It is foolhardy to take liberties with the jaws of a green moray; one that was captured for the New York Aquarium bit a piece out of an inch plank in its struggle for liberty.

More easily handled are the cub sharks, two or three feet long, that suddenly surround a boat at night, fighting, plunging, illuminating the phosphoric sea in their efforts to find a meal. When they come all other fishing suspends, but they enliven a whole evening with their voracious antics. The average person shudders at the sug-

gestion of eating shark, but the highly spiced dish that a Bermuda cook can make of a sixpenny cub is not to be scorned.

In June, when word goes out that the groupers are "snapping" in their spawning grounds along the south shore, there is the fastest kind of fishing. The fish are ravenous and reckless, biting at unbaited hooks, and one man's work is to string the captives by their mouths on a line kept overboard for the purpose. Thus "winded," or inflated by contact with the air, they are towed ashore and put into reserve ponds to regain their strength and fatten for the market. Cub sharks sometimes add an exciting feature by their raids on the "winded" fish, but a more disagreeable adjunct is seasickness. Boatmen say that the person who can withstand the smell of bait and hours of tossing under a hot sun is qualified to be a useful member of a grouper crew.

Some of the smaller fishes, such as breams, grunts, sailor's choice, grey snappers, and porgies are plentiful in shallow water, where it is possible to watch them nibble at the bait, but others are too shy to touch a hook, and must be trapped in "pots," which resemble large bird cages, or taken in nets. The great variety of species, their habits, and brilliant colouring, apart from their qualities as game, are sources of pleasure to the

sportsman who reflects upon the peculiarities of Nature.

The old complaint of visitors that they could find no golf in Bermuda worthy of the name holds good no longer. Golf has been played for many years in the islands, but it was not until 1921 that a serious attempt was made to provide the type of course which devotees of the game expect to find wherever they go. Every golfer who visits Bermuda should carry his clubs, for he will find there two of the best eighteen-hole courses in the Western Hemisphere, and a host of competitors to test his metal. Both are seaside courses and both were laid out and developed under the supervision of the noted golf architect, Mr. Seth J. Raynor, who has some 250 courses to his credit. The Bermuda courses are not the least of Mr. Raynor's achievements. Much ingenuity was displayed in overcoming climatic and physical obstacles, but the results have justified the expenditure of time, money and effort, and Bermuda can set forth without apology her claim as a golf centre of distinction.

The Riddle's Bay Golf and Country Club is in Warwick Parish, covering a wide neck of land jutting out into the Great Sound. The club has a large motor boat to convey passengers across the harbour from Hamilton, a journey of twenty min-

utes, and one may also drive from the city in thirty-five minutes, passing along the charming Paget shore. A characteristic old Bermuda home has been converted into an admirable clubhouse, with restaurant, lounge, card and locker rooms, showers, and other necessary appurtenances. At the back of the club are tennis courts. A professional is employed to give lessons in golf and handle the various competitions.

Standing at the highest point of Riddle's Bay course, one is soon convinced that here is natural golfing country—a rolling terrain, broad fairways, and no steep ascents. Several of the holes duplicate well known holes at famous American courses, and there are water hazards to confound the novice and fascinate the player with confidence in his ability at the tee. Not a difficult course, perhaps, but one which holds in bunkers and traps severe punishment for the man who fails to drive a straight ball. The course is a little more than 5,000 yards long, but appears to be much longer.

Riddle's Bay is highly picturesque. Northeast, are Hamilton and its harbour, in the west are the islands of the Great Sound, etched in dull tones against blue water; to the south are the hills of Warwick, with white cottages standing among the cedars, the whole dominated by the tall, symmetrical tower of Gibb's Hill Lighthouse.

Hamilton has a nine-hole course in the Spanish Point district north of the city, and another short course is maintained by the military officers on the north shore back of Government House. The novice will find good sport on these links, but they are commonplace as compared with Riddle's Bay.

The course of the Mid-Ocean Golf Club at Tucker's Town, about eight miles from Hamilton, covers part of a tract of 620 acres fronting on Castle Harbour, the Atlantic, and Harrington Sound. There is great variety of scenery here—long, broad beaches, backed by rugged cliffs; sand dunes, a land-locked harbour for small boats, two small salt lakes, and many thickly wooded hills. The property was acquired by the Bermuda Development Company under an expropriation act, the idea originating with Sir Frederick Lewis, Bart., chairman of Messrs. Furness Withy and Company, which operates a steamship service between New York and Bermuda. Sir Frederick and a party of sixteen, including Mr. Charles B. Macdonald, the first amateur golf champion of the United States, and Mr. Charles D. Wetmore, architect, of New York, visited the island in November, 1919, and after a thorough exploration they decided that the Tucker's Town tract was the most suitable for development along the lines which they had conceived. Thereupon the Ber-

muda Development Company was organized to carry the project to completion.

The plans involved the building of a golf course, tennis courts, bridle paths, bathing houses, cottages, and a large clubhouse, with accommodations for about 100, including quarters for bachelors, family suites, restaurant, and the various conveniences of a modern sportsmen's club. The clubhouse, facing south, stands on a ridge near the cliffs of Tucker's Town Beach, a superb stretch of coralline sand over which the Atlantic pours its mighty flood. The surf bathing is quite safe, for the barrier reef runs close to shore and breaks the force of the waves. The fishing hereabouts is alluring. East of the club is Tucker's Town Harbour, leading out into Castle Harbour, across which has been dredged a channel for motor boats, giving access to St. George's Harbour. Tucker's Town is twenty minutes by water from St. George's, and forty minutes by road, while one must allow an hour for the drive from Hamilton.

Compared with Riddle's Bay, the Mid-Ocean course is more difficult to negotiate, but a fair comparison is out of the question because the physical aspects are totally different. Each course has distinctive features, as the golfer quickly discovers. The Mid-Ocean course is 6,124 yards long and piped for water. Some of the holes follow the

cliffs, and duplicates of time-honored holes at St. Andrew's, Prestwick, the Lido, National, Piping Rock and other courses have been developed. Of Mid-Ocean, Mr. Charles B. Macdonald has written:

"I am confident the course will stand in golfing circles as an achievement in a semi-tropical climate as great as the National Golf Links of America has been in the temperate zone. The glory of this semi-tropical course, other than its picturesque side, will be the lies in the fairway. The bunkering has been cunningly devised so that a golfer, to make a low score, is compelled to drive to a particular spot, thereby placing his ball for an advantageous second. All badly topped shots will be well punished. I can assure my golfing friends, a more fascinating, more picturesque, course than the Mid-Ocean will not be found in a pilgrimage around the world."

There is plenty of opportunity for tennis in Bermuda, the game being as popular in the islands as elsewhere. Few prime turf courts are available because it is difficult in the Bermuda climate to grow the variety of fine grass necessary for tennis, and as an alternative concrete courts have been built extensively, green colouring matter being mixed with the cement to absorb the sharp sunlight. Tournaments are staged every winter, and

the entries include some of the American tennis stars of both sexes.

Trap shooting is popular, and good mounts can be hired by those who like an early morning gallop along the highways and beaches. The bicycle is an important factor in transportation, and visitors who have not ridden a wheel for many years take kindly to it. If one wants to explore odd corners of the colony and harden one's muscles, the bicycle is the logical mode of conveyance. Bicycles may be rented for the day, or on a weekly or monthly basis, and the liveries have wheels which are geared like motor cars for hill climbing. To avoid accidents in riding and driving one must remember that the rule of the road is to the left instead of to the right, as in the United States.

Horse racing is conducted under the auspices of the Bermuda Hunt Club at the Shelly Bay Course. Race meetings bring out a procession of carriages, buggies, wagons, donkey traps, and bicycles, not to speak of those who use shank's mare, for, His Excellency the Governor having "lent his patronage" to the "Bermuda Derby," there is valid excuse for a general holiday.

The British love of cricket has been inherited by the Bermudians, and there is a multiplicity of elevens, white, coloured, military, naval. Teams from Philadelphia, the home of American cricket,

occasionally visit the colony. There is great rivalry between the coloured elevens, but they play the game with its accustomed etiquette, and good cricket it is. In the promotion of sport the Bermudian receives generous assistance from the officers and men of the Imperial forces. Tommy Atkins and his brother of the sea are good sportsmen, and they are encouraged by their officers to exchange tunics for flannels and football suits. Rank is forgotten on the cricket and football field, officers and men playing together for the honour of the sport. Soldiers and sailors, too, have their theatricals and camp fires, all of which help to break the monotony of overseas service. At their messes officers of the regular establishment extend hospitality to visitors with proper credentials, and they are not outdone in this respect by the native officers of the Bermuda Militia Artillery and the Volunteer Rifle Corps.

CHAPTER XII

METHOD OF GOVERNMENT

Bermudians govern themselves through the medium of a Colonial Parliament, consisting of the House of Assembly, a body of thirty-six elected members, and the Legislative Council of nine members, who are appointed by the Crown. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, usually a lieutenant-general either of the Royal Artillery or Engineers, is also a Crown appointee, serving from three to five years.

The census of 1921 gave the population as 20,127, the divisions being as follows: White—male, 3282; female, 3724; coloured — male, 6347; female, 6774. The proportion of coloured to white is, therefore, nearly two to one. It is noteworthy that although Bermuda has more than 1000 inhabitants for each square mile of its territory there is no evidence of overcrowding in any locality. This is due to the fact that the bulk of the population is scattered over the rural districts. The number of American visitors equals and often exceeds the permanent population in the course of a year.

Political and economic codes handed down

through generations have produced some anomalies which are worthy of attention. Any man, white or coloured, is qualified to stand for election to the House of Assembly if he possesses a freehold rated at £240 ($1200), the rating being the actual value of the property, and he may be a candidate in any parish. To exercise the franchise a man must receive the profits of a freehold rated at £60 ($300). In this connection a husband is entitled to be registered in respect of his wife's real estate, and a voter holding property in two or more parishes may vote in those parishes. Thus a freeholder may have several votes.

Each of the nine parishes returns four members to the Assembly, without regard to the size of their respective constituencies, and while this system of distribution is contrary to the recognised principle that a small number of voters shall not have the same parliamentary representation as a larger number, it is satisfactory to the Bermudians inasmuch as it equalises the voice of each parish in the affairs of government and prevents that concentration of administration which is so much to be feared in a small colony having representative institutions. The tenacity with which the older families have retained their holdings, and the absence of thrift on the part of the working class are factors which have operated to concentrate

property in the hands of a comparatively few individuals, and notwithstanding the small sum necessary to enable a man to qualify as a voter, there were in 1918 only 1408 electors, of which 934 were white and 474 coloured.

These are the men who actually rule Bermuda through their chosen representatives, but the very land which gives property holders the right to vote is not taxed for purposes of general revenue, and the monetary support they extend to the government is not greater than that given by their tenants, to whom political privileges are denied. That is to say, tenant as well as landlord, pays his share of indirect taxation through the tariff, which provides the bulk of revenue. The property holder, however, supports certain parish and municipal enterprises, but his assessments are exceedingly small, by comparison with other countries, and he lives as nearly tax free as he might wish. One might say almost without contradiction that the Bermudian's burden of taxes is the lightest in existence.

In recent years aliens have been allowed to acquire property, but they are not permitted to vote on it, although subjected to parochial assessments and jury duty. Before the alien law was enacted the property of a woman who married an alien might pass to the government by escheat, and this

legal obstacle was supposed to have prevented some women from marrying outside of Bermuda. At all events, the islands once were credited with an excess of "old maids," but the roving nature of the men in old days may have had as much to do with female celibacy as the law. With the beginning of more cordial relations between Great Britain and the United States in the Spanish-American war period, Bermuda ceased to be regarded primarily as a fortress, and this circumstance, combined with the disposition of Americans to maintain winter residences there, was responsible for a more liberal policy toward aliens. The alien legislation, however, is not intended to encourage the acquisition of property for speculative purposes, and attempts in this direction would be frustrated by the Governor in Council, in whom is vested power to approve or disapprove purchases by persons who hold allegiance to countries other than Great Britain. The total area of land held by aliens cannot, under the law, exceed 2000 acres.

General elections are held every seven years, but as the electoral body is too small to demand the aid of party machinery, political contests are matters of individuals rather than of policies. Members of the house are therefore free to serve their constituents without interference from partisan

sources. Although the office carries a salary of eight shillings ($2) for each day's attendance, this sum merely covers travelling expenses in the case of the majority; accordingly, the honour of service is the chief reward held out to the candidate.

Public office attracts, as it has always, members of the more conspicuous families, and notwithstanding the disparity of electors, the legislators generally are amenable to public opinion when vital issues are concerned, rarely failing in the long run to accomplish their duty toward the people as a whole. The very fact that the public debt adequately guaranteed amounts only to £85,000 ($425,000), and the additional fact that the colony is self-supporting and able to meet its yearly obligations, are indications of conservatism in legislation and proof of the Bermudian's capacity for self-government.

The revenue is derived from ad valorem duties amounting to 11 per cent, from moderate specific duties, from lighthouse tolls (paid by incoming ships), receipts of the postal establishment, court and office fees, and miscellaneous items. Out of the revenue are supported legislative, judicial, and customs establishments, an island constabulary, jails, a lunatic asylum, library, museum, and experiment garden; and the government engages

in public works and maintains approximately one hundred miles of good roads, of which the colony is justly proud. A fair proportion of the expense for the executive branch of government is also borne by the colony.

Writing in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January, 1922, William H. Taft, said: "We must realize, in calling that of Bermuda a popular government, that it is a government of landed holders and not of manhood electors," but, he added, it is "efficient." One reason for its efficiency and financial stability lies in its sound system of budgetary control, whereby expenditures are carefully checked against the annual revenue. The government has usually lived within its yearly income and has often been able to show a substantial surplus in the treasury. The revenue ranges above £100,000 ($500,000) a year, both revenue and expenditure having steadily increased in recent years.

Dating from 1620, the Colonial Parliament is one of the oldest law-making bodies in existence. In the beginning legislative functions of the colonists were subject to the by-laws and regulations of the Bermuda Company, but with the abrogation of the company's charter the power of the House was greatly extended, as its duties, instead of mainly concerning the private affairs of the proprietors, took cognisance of the whole field of posi-

tive law. Controversies between the Assembly and various governors arose upon occasions, particularly during the American War of the Revolution, but their differences usually related to matters political, and no serious constitutional question was ever raised. No constitutional change, in fact no change of any importance, has taken place in the House since the company's charter was annulled.

What may be termed the constitutional privileges of the House of Commons, the right to grant supplies, to appropriate grants, to claim redress of grievances before supplies are granted, seem always to have been among the admitted privileges of the House of Assembly. The Council is the lineal descendant of the company's Council, which was appointed by the Governor, sat with the Assembly, and concerned itself with the enforcement of the law. After 1683 the Council was appointed by the Crown, and until 1888 it sat not only as the upper branch of the Parliament, but as the Governor's advisory body, giving assent in the latter capacity to bills passed by the House of Assembly. The law of 1888 created two councils, — one legislative, the other executive, both having certain members in common. Latterly, one or two members of the House have been appointed to the Executive Council while retaining their elective

offices. Membership of the Legislative Council includes the chief justice, who acts as president, the colonial secretary and receiver general, the theory being that these officials, by their contact with administrative affairs, are peculiarly fitted to mould legislation.

The work of the Legislature is distinguished by the absence of those methods of obstruction which sometimes find favour in the House of Commons and in the Congress of the United States. Bills may be introduced in either House, with this important exception: that bills involving the expenditure of public money must originate in the House of Assembly, and with regard to these bills the Council has only the power of acceptance or rejection *in toto*, not of amendment on details. By this rule public expenditures are placed in the hands of representatives of the voting class.

Bills are read three times in the House, the discussion taking place on the second reading, when the members go into the committee of the whole to consider details. This procedure permits a member to address the chair as frequently as he pleases, and there is less formality than in the House, for with the speaker in the chair a member may speak only once, although the original mover is privileged to speak once in reply.

After passing three readings a bill is sent to the

other legislative branch for concurrence. There it passes through similar stages, and, if amended, is sent back to the House in which it originated. If this House concurs, no complications arise; if it does not, the other House has the option of insisting upon its changes or accepting the measure in its original form. It it insists, the bill is lost; if it does not insist, the bill is passed and laid before the Governor, who usually gives his assent unless there has been some informality in the manner of introduction.

Unless there is a "suspending clause" the bill then becomes law, but if such a clause is attached, providing that "this act shall not come into operation until His Majesty's pleasure has been made known concerning the same," the measure awaits the royal pleasure before enactment. The suspending clause is not on every bill, but is usually added to measures of great public importance, or those which make drastic changes in the existing law.

Local affairs in the parishes are conducted by "vestries," which are chosen yearly by the electors. The vestries have charge of the relief of the poor and pauper lunatics, acting also as local boards of health. To carry out these objects they are empowered to impose assessments on real estate.

The parochial system is an ancient institution,

dating back to the days of settlement. When no church or denomination was recognised by law except the Church of England, the vestries were authorised to raise money for the maintenance of the parish churches and ministry by an assessment of all property held by persons in connection with the Established Church and others, and pew rents were appropriated to the relief of the poor and various secular purposes. In 1867, however, it was deemed just to exonerate from liability to assessment for the Church of England all persons who contributed toward the maintenance of other churches. Elective bodies called church vestries were thereupon instituted to control all matters pertaining to the Church of England, and pew rents were restricted exclusively to the use of parish churches. The vestries were also permitted to assess communicants when pew rents proved insufficient to maintain church and clergy. Grants by the government to the Church of England have practically ceased, and the Bermuda Church Society, organised in 1876 to accumulate a fund for the benefit of the clergy, has taken the place of the Treasury, thus fulfilling the purposes of its founders, who saw the necessity of providing against the day when legislative aid would no longer be forthcoming. In Bermuda as in most of the British colonies the Established

Church holds the premier position; but other religious bodies, more particularly the Wesleyan Methodist, Presbyterian, and African Methodist, are strong numerically and possess valuable property, which is held either by trust, deed, or special act of the Legislature.

Only within recent years has Bermuda possessed any but an archaic judicial system. While the Bermuda Company existed, certain members of the Council performed the duties of chief justice, and practically all the jurisdiction was on the common law side, with juries to hear the cases. A few years after the abolition of the company a chief justice was appointed, the court holding the lengthy title of "King's Bench Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery," and taking cognisance of both civil and criminal matters.

Later, the Governor in Council began to exercise equitable functions, sitting as a Court of Chancery, and in many cases affording relief to parties to whom justice was not forthcoming in the King's Bench by reason of the highly technical nature of the pleading and practice in this court. In 1744 the Legislature abolished appeals to the Governor in Council as the Court of Chancery, but established the same body as the Court of Errors to hear appeals from the common law court (King's Bench). Thus there was the

anomaly of the Governor in Council — a purely lay body — exercising a jurisdiction as the Court of Chancery concurrent with the common law court, as well as a superior jurisdiction at common law as the Court of Appeal from the King's Bench. Naturally, inconveniences arose from this state of affairs, and they influenced the work of the court so late as the year 1908.

The courts continued to exist as set forth, with statutory changes in detail only, until 1814, when the Legislature fused all common law jurisdictions into one court, that of General Assize, and brought the practice up to the English standard of that date. In 1876 the equity jurisdiction was taken from the Governor in Council and placed in the Court of Assize, though the former body still continued to hear appeals from the latter. The great difficulty which faced the common law courts lay in the complicated nature of their rules and regulations. Up to the latter part of the eighteenth century the pleadings, or statements of fact relied upon by either party to a cause and filed by them before action were in Latin, and practically up to 1904 technical errors in pleadings were fatal to clients, who had to start afresh after paying costs already incurred.

From time to time acts were passed with the purpose of simplifying the work of dispensing

justice, but they were of little value, and the old order continued until Chief Justice Gollan arrived from England in 1904. He proceeded to rip up the planks of ancient fabric, and the Legislature, at his suggestion, merged all courts, whether common law or chancery, into one, termed the Supreme Court, fused law and equity, and gave the court power to make rules governing the pleading and practice. As a consequence, the technicalities of former days have disappeared, and the court's business is despatched with greater facility.

The last change in the judicial system took place in 1908. Then the Legislature abolished the Court of Errors, which had subsisted in the Governor in Council for upward of one hundred and seventy years, and directed that in future all appeals should be from the Supreme Court direct to the King in Council.

CHAPTER XIII

RESOURCES

Bermuda is a country without factories. Its wealth is derived from three sources—the products of the soil, the tourist trade, and the supplying of bunker coal and fuel oil to merchant steamers. The expenditures for the British naval and military establishments also represent an asset, although the amount is not large, comparatively speaking. The Bermudian ships the bulk of his produce to New York, and in that market and in Canada he buys foodstuffs, animals and clothing. England supplies Bermuda with machinery, clothing, liquors and a variety of articles for domestic use, and the colony conducts a limited trade with the West Indian islands.

The development of Bermuda's agricultural resources began in earnest after the fictitiously prosperous years of the American civil war, but only within a comparatively recent period have scientific methods of disease and pest control, and modern methods of marketing, been applied. A persistent campaign of education conducted by the Department of Agriculture has raised the standard of Bermuda vegetables to a high degree

and resulted in great benefit to the individual farmer and the colony as a whole.

The offices of the Department of Agriculture are at the Agricultural Station in Paget, within fifteen minutes' walk of Hamilton. The chief activities of the department are the improvement of seed, especially seed potatoes; instruction in the control of plant diseases and pests, and in improved marketing of crops; the control of infectious animal diseases, and the improvement of live stock. The policy of the department is directed by the Board of Agriculture. Fortunately for Bermuda the department has received the generous assistance of the Departments of Agriculture at Washington, Ottawa, and elsewhere, while experts at various American agricultural institutions have given the colony the benefit of their knowledge. Not a few have been employed by the colony for periods varying from a few days to several months.

Staple products are potatoes and onions, whose flavour and quality are excellent. The Bermuda potato has no rival, but the Texas onion is a sharp competitor of the Bermuda variety. Seed potatoes for Bermuda are grown chiefly in Nova Scotia and Long Island, New York, and no effort is spared to produce strong stock, free from disease. No seed potatoes are grown locally. Two

crops of potatoes are grown each year in Bermuda. Bliss Triumphs are planted in September and October and Chili Garnets in January and February. The greater part of the Trimuph crop and the early portion of the Garnet crop are marketed in New York when the demand for new potatoes is at its maximum. Carrots, beets, celery, parsley, lettuce, kale, and beans are also produced for export. All shipments undergo rigid inspection at the hands of government officers before they are stowed in the ship's refrigerators. Because the colony insists upon high standards, its produce is regarded with high favour by the American dealer and consumer, and there is little doubt that Bermuda vegetables are among the best which reach the New York market during the winter months. Of late increased attention has been given to the Canadian market, where exists a demand particularly for onions.

All things being equal, the Bermuda farmer receives good prices, although he labours under one serious handicap. He must ship his produce by steamer at intervals of a few days and cannot, like his American competitor, the Southern truck grower, take advantage of fast freight train service to reach a rising market. A representative of the Department of Agriculture is stationed in New York during the market season and by fre-

quent cable advices keeps the Bermuda farmer informed of market conditions.

Two famous Bermuda crops are no longer large factors in the colony's export trade. One is arrowroot, for which there is now little demand; the other is the Easter lily. General Russell Hastings, an American soldier, who made his home in Bermuda, first cultivated the Easter lily for commercial purposes, shipping the bulbs to New York florists, and his success led to the establishment of a lucrative industry, which reached its peak in the closing years of the last century and gradually declined owing to various reasons. During recent years increased attention has been given to the selection of disease-free planting stock and the industry bids fair soon to reach its former proportions.

Visitors are always surprised to find so little native grown fruit in an island which can readily boast of a remarkable variety of trees and shrubs. It is not only a surprise but a disappointment and in some measure a disgrace to the colony. One finds the banana in plantations, but one looks in vain for groves of citrus fruits. This condition has not always existed. The old Bermuda mariner on his voyages abroad found many useful trees to carry home, not the least of which were the orange and peach. Both flourished so well

that at one period the islands were generously supplied with native fruit. But unfortunately the Mediterranean fruit fly—a tiny, destructive pest—was unknowingly introduced and it found in Bermuda a new field to conquer. It propagated in vast numbers and gradually infected virtually all of the soft-skinned fruits. The purple scale has proved to be a more serious pest and to its door must be laid the loss of the citrus fruits. In the opinion of agricultural experts, both pests can be exterminated by systematic spraying, and now that instruction is given in methods of pest control fruit growing for the domestic market should revive.

Many of the Bermuda farmers are Portugese who emigrated to the colony from the Azores some thirty years ago and whose brothers and cousins may be found scattered over the New England States. They are industrious and adaptable people and now form the most prosperous element in the farming community. The farms are necessarily small, being only a few acres in extent, but methods of intensive cultivation, and soil and a climate that induce quick growth, result frequently in heavy crops. The total area under cultivation is about 3,000 acres.

If one is interested in horticulture he can have no better companion than "Flora of Bermuda,"

written by the noted botanist, Dr. Nathaniel Lord Britton, director of the New York Botanical Garden. With this book in hand a stranger can identify every plant and tree with which he comes in contact in the islands.

The scenic charm of Bermuda, its healthy and equable climate, the attractive outdoor life, and the proximity of the islands to that great reservoir of population of which New York is the pivot, all combine to make the colony a popular winter resort for Americans, many of whom have acquired estates in the islands and regard them as their second home. Such famous American statesmen as Woodrow Wilson, William H. Taft, and Charles E. Hughes have found rest and relaxation in Bermuda, and to them, as well as to others, the colony has been a revelation of orderly government, the result of 300 years of sustained effort on the part of a people whose isolation has compelled them to improvise and develop their institutions with little or no assistance from the outside world.

But one can no longer speak of isolated Bermuda. Judicious advertising has helped to put the islands on the traveller's map, and to create a demand for more frequent steamship service, with better and larger passenger vessels. This demand has been met by the steamship companies

now engaged on the Bermuda route. Their vessels are admirably adapted to the necessities of the trade. They are large, fast, comfortable liners, with accommodations and cuisine equal to those found on transatlantic passenger vessels.

With the development of the tourist trade has come a corresponding increase in hotel accommodations, and an increase in the number of dwelling houses for visitors who desire to maintain private establishments. The larger hotels compare favorably in size and appointments with those of other winter resorts, and naturally attract patrons who seek gaiety and desire to entertain. On the other hand, many Americans go to Bermuda, especially in winter, for rest and seclusion, and to this class the smaller hotels and boarding houses cater. Some of the hotels have swimming pools attached, many have tennis courts, and all are situated near the main lines of travel and within reasonable distances of the golf courses and bathing beaches.

Sanitation, always a problem in warm climates, receives the careful attention of the colonial government. In this connection the authorities enforce certain regulations designed to safeguard the health of the permanent and transient population, with the result that in the last sixty years Bermuda has been remarkably free from disease

epidemics of a serious nature. The substantial character of the Bermuda houses, and the absence of overcrowding have undoubtedly been a factor in promoting the public health.

One should have no fear about the drinking water. It comes down from the clouds through an unpolluted atmosphere, falls upon coral roofs, which are tarred and then lime-washed, and is impounded in closed tanks or cisterns, built of the same stone, each dwelling house and hotel having its own private supply, the purity of which is unquestioned. The absence of rivers, springs, and wells has been a serious handicap to hotel owners, but they have overcome this to a large extent by digging the soil from hillsides and whitewashing the exposed rock, thus forming water catches of large capacity.

The government supports the King Edward VII Hospital, situated near the Agricultural Station in Paget, its modern facilities being available to visitors in the event of illness.

Visitors who bring their children to Bermuda for a long sojourn will find several private secondary schools for boys and girls, in charge of competent masters and mistresses. Separate primary schools for white and coloured pupils are aided by the government, education being compulsory, but Bermuda teachers are underpaid, as

in other countries, and the general system of primary education is open to much improvement. The colony has no college, consequently the Bermudian who seeks a college training goes to England or Canada, and sometimes to the United States. Fortunately, Bermuda is eligible to appointments to Oxford under the Cecil Rhodes Trust, and its influence has had a beneficial effect in the colony, by stimulating among the younger generation the desire for a better education than they can obtain at home.

Bermuda's geographical position is a great asset from a commercial point of view. The islands lie nearly on the Great Circle route from Europe to the Gulf of Mexico, while the routes from the north of Europe and from Mediterranean ports to the Panama Canal lie between 400 and 500 miles south of Bermuda. Hence Bermuda is a port of call for those steamers which encounter heavy weather coming west in winter and find themselves without sufficient fuel to carry on to their destination.

Thus Bermuda carries on a large and lucrative trade in bunker coal and fuel oil, most of which is imported from the United States. This trade is centred at St. George's, whose expansive harbour possesses deep water and ample wharfage space and is situated a few hundred yards from

the gap in the eastern reefs leading to the open sea. Here facilities exist for repairing disabled vessels, while tug boats, wrecking apparatus and lighters are maintained by the firms engaged in supplying the requirements of shipping. In recent years large sums of money have been expended by the colonial government in channel improvement both at Hamilton and St. George's, but it is obvious that the necessities of trade in Bermuda demand even deeper waterways and a progressive policy of port development.

CHAPTER XIV

BERMUDA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

In beautiful Victoria Park at Hamilton one may see the column erected in glorious memory of the men of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps who fell in the Great War. It is the symbol of Bermuda's response to Britain's call to arms, which was willingly heeded there as in all other parts of the Empire. It is also a symbol of that intangible bond which links the British colonies and dominions to the Mother Country. The spiritual strength of this bond is charmingly phrased in the "Song of the Keepers of the Western Gate," which was written by Miss Gray, a Bermuda lady, years before the German onslaught:

Empty are our hands:—
For we have neither wealth or lands,
Nor grain or gold to give thee and a feeble folk are we;
But in very will and deed,
We will serve thee at they need,
And keep thine ancient fortalice above the Western sea.

The sea is at our doors,
And we front its fretted floors,
Swept by every wind that listeth, ring'd with reefs
from rim to rim,
Though we may not break its bars,
Yet by light of sun and stars,
Our hearts are fain for England, and for her our
eyes are dim.

Bermuda kept the western gate, for in the early part of the war British warships operating from the islands under Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock drove the German raiders from the North Atlantic lanes and bottled up the Kaiser's merchant ships in American ports, thus preventing them from supplying his cruisers, which were forced into South American waters. Later, Cradock went south and around Cape Horn into the Pacific in search of the German Admiral Von Spee, meeting his death on November 1, 1914, in the Battle of Coronel, after a gallant fight against heavy odds. Two of Cradock's ships, the Good Hope and Monmouth, went down with all on board. He was soon avenged. On December 8 Von Spee and his China squadron were vanquished by a squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee in the Battle of the Falkland Islands, the odds this time being against the Germans.

Virtually the first act of the Bermuda government after the declaration of war was to appro-

priate £40,000 ($200,000) as a gift from the colony toward the Imperial Defence Fund. Martial law was declared, the local troops were mobilized, and steps were taken to strengthen the defences in view of the presence of German cruisers in the North Atlantic. Naturally the tourist traffic underwent an immediate decline and finally dwindled to nothing when the Imperial Government found it necessary to commandeer the Bermuda passenger vessels for war purposes. But Bermuda carried on, though severely handicapped, and the islanders gave freely of their means toward numerous war charities and kept their own men at the front supplied with comforts.

In May, 1915, the first contingent of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps sailed for the front some ninety strong under the command of Major R. J. Tucker. Later reinforcements were embarked, the total force numbering 126. It was not a large number as numbers go, but it represented a large proportion of the white men of fighting age in the colony, each man being a volunteer, for the Corps was not required to serve outside Bermuda. The Bermudians passed through some of the heaviest fighting in France. Of the 126 men who went overseas, 89 were casualties, 40 giving their lives. Their best tribute came from the British Commander-in-Chief who, when asked

if he wanted any more men from Bermuda, said: "Yes, send me along as many more of the same kind as ever you can get."

The coloured population of Bermuda also proved its loyalty to the Empire by recruiting a contingent of 200 odd men, who went overseas with four white officers, Major T. M. Dill commanding. Some of these troops were members of the Bermuda Militia Artillery, others were recruited in the different parishes. They arrived at the front on June 20, 1916, doing excellent work as an ammunition column for the heavy artillery, taking part in the Battle of the Somme, and serving also at Vimy and in the famous Ypres salient. They had ten casualties.

Aside from the men of these two contingents, many Bermudians served in the Canadian and Imperial armies and in the Royal Air Force. Not a few of them won high honors.

Some months after the United States entered the war, Bermuda became Base 24 of the American Navy, with Captain W. G. Cutter as commanding officer. He arrived at Bermuda on April 15, 1918, in the U. S. S. Arethusa and left there on January 14, 1919. Base 24 was a way station for American submarine chasers which, on account of their small size and limited cruising radius, were compelled to break their voyage to European

waters in order to refit and take fuel. Many were docked and repaired at the dockyard in Ireland Island. One hundred and twenty submarine chasers crossed the Atlantic to Europe via Bermuda, proceeding in convoys of twelve to twenty-four as they were refitted and made ready for the voyage. One of these vessels, No. 126, grounded and sank near Two Rocks Passage leading into Hamilton Harbour. She was hauled clear of the shoal and floated, but while in tow sank again off the United States Supply Station at Agar's Island, once the site of the Bermuda Aquarium. Fortunately, there were no casualties, the U. S. S. Salem taking off the sub. chaser's crew.

The American bluejacket was a welcome visitor to Bermuda. He spent his money with characteristic freedom, his discipline was excellent, and he upheld the fine traditions of the United States Navy, making many friends for himself and his country. Moreover, the close contact of the British and American naval officers at Bermuda cemented the strong bond which already existed between the two services.

USEFUL FACTS FOR THE TRAVELLER

The Bermuda Trade Development Board, a department of the Bermuda Government, exists for the purpose of fostering commerce and promoting the advantages of the islands as a winter and summer resort. The Board has offices at Hamilton, Bermuda, and invites correspondence from prospective travellers who desire first-hand information about Bermuda.

Steamship Service

Bermuda has excellent steamship service. The vessels plying between New York and Bermuda are large and fast and as comfortable in their appointments as transatlantic liners. The names of the lines follow:

Furness Bermuda Line

This line is operated under the direction of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, 34 Whitehall Street, New York. Two passenger steamers sail weekly throughout the winter tourist season, and a third is available for special trips at the height of the season. The schedule also calls for weekly sailings during the greater part of the summer tourist season.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company

This company, whose office is at 26 Broadway, New York, operates one passenger steamer during the winter tourist season, with weekly sailings. The Royal Mail also operates a passenger service between Bermuda and Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. John, New Brunswick.

Rates of Fare

Time tables, rates of fare, and rates for summer tourist trips, which include hotel accomodations and other expenses, can be obtained direct from the steamship companies, or by application to tourists agencies in the larger cities of the United States and Canada. It is desirable for passengers to book their return passage when they purchase their tickets for Bermuda. Passports to Bermuda are not required. Customs formalities in the island are carried out promptly, and the passenger is subject to no annoyance.

British currency is the legal tender of Bermuda, but American currency is generally accepted at the prevailing exchange rate. Tradesmen quote prices in sterling. Letters of credit may be addressed to the Bank of Bermuda and the banking house of N. T. Butterfield and Son. Traveller's cheques are used by many Bermuda visitors and are most convenient.

The rates of postage to New York from Bermuda is twopence halfpenny (five cents) an ounce or fraction thereof; from the United States to Bermuda it is two cents. Pictorial postcards to the United States carry three halfpence (three cents). Inland letters are carried for one penny (two cents) an ounce.

Bermuda has communication with other parts of the world through the Halifax and Bermudas cable and the Direct West India cable.

Livery Rates

Two classes of carriages are used. The single victoria carries three passengers and a driver, the double five passengers and driver.

Following is a schedule of livery rates, with the

City of Hamilton as a base, proprotionate rates being charged from other bases. The rates are subject to change:

Place	*Single*	*Double*
Riddle's Bay Golf and Country Club	$4.00	$7.00
Mid-Ocean Golf Course, Tucker's Town	5.00	8.00
Gibb's Hill Lighthouse	5.00	8.00
Around Harrington Sound	5.00	8.00
Devil's Hole	4.00	7.00
Somerset and Dockyard	7.50	12.50
St. George's	7.50	12.50
Elba Beach	2.50	4.00
Flatts Village	3.00	5.00
Prospect Parade and Military Band Concert	1.25	2.50
Garrison Golf Links	1.75	3.00
The Caves	7.50	12.50

Carriages may also be hired on a time and distance basis. Additional charges are made for night service.

Bicycles are hired at the rate of fifty cents an hour. Day, weekly and monthly rates are quoted upon application.

Sailboats with competent pilots can be rented for $12.50 a day. Rowboats and canoes are also available, the cost being fifty cents an hour, two dollars a day and $7.50 a week.

Fishing parties can be arranged after due notice.

Hotels and Boarding Houses

City of Hamilton (Pembroke Parish)

Hamilton Hotel
Princess Hotel
American House

New Windsor Hotel
Royal Prince Hotel
Imperial Hotel
Colonial Hotel
Point Pleasant Hotel
Eagle's Nest Hotel and cottages
Victoria Lodge
Washington House
Brunswick House
Roseacre
Reid Hall (rooms only)
Cedarhurst
Isle of White
Argyle House
Hillside
Arcade
Sunny Brae
Sunny Crest
Fairview
Brayton Lodge
Corner House

Pembroke Parish

Grasmere-by-the-Sea
Rockville
Falkirk Villa
Canada Villa

Paget Parish

Hotel Inverurie and cottages
South Shore Hotel
The Netherlands
Harbour View
Harmony Hall

Beverly
Mount Royal
Newstead Inn

Somerset Parish

Fair View
Scaur Lodge
Summerside
Hill Crest
Brightside
Palmetto Grove

Southampton Parish

Seaward Lodge

Warwick Parish

Belmont Hotel
Southcote
Eastbourne Cottage
Lorraine

Hamilton Parish

Frascati Hotel (Flatts Village)
Seaward

St. George's

St. George Hotel
Shore Hills Hotel
Somers Inn
Burch Castle
Hillcrest
Block House
Kingston House
Cosy Tea Room
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